CHEBUCTO
AND OTHER POEMS

D. M. MATHESON

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CHEBUCTO AND OTHER POEMS

BY

D. M. MATHESON

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HALIFAX, N. S.

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PREFACE.

THE poems, in this volume, were all written sinee August 1914, and hence, were more or less influenced by the stirring events of the world-wide struggle which is still going on, while the most of the Lyrics and Sonnets owe their inspiration to it directly. Therefore, one would think that the present would be an opportune time for their publieation. Knowing but too well, dear reader, thc many calls which the war has made upon your purse, I had quite made up my mind to defer thc publication of this volume until after the war, but as the cnd of the death struggle between the forecs of Light and Darkncss seems yet afar off, I have yielded to the advice of my friends, and hereby solicit your patronage for "Chebucto and Other Poems." The scenes of the longer poems are all laid in our native Nova Scotia, and, therefore, you should have a personal interest in them, while the ones relating to the war, should for that rcason itself appeal to you. I have added some explanatory notes on the Micmac terms used in "Chebucto" and Petoobok. To those sensitive souls, to whom a grammatical error is likc the thrust of a bayonet, I wish to say, at the outset, that I have availed myself of the Poet's privilege, and have used some double eomparatives, etc., whenever the metre required their use. Of course, I have done so very sparingly, but, in a contest between the scholar and the muse, the

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umpire has always decided in favor of the latter. Friendly criticism, dear reader, will be appreciated by the author, but let critics remember the advice of the Greek artist to the Shoemaker: "Let the cobler stick to his last," So criticise me if you choose, but blame the writer, not the muse. In conclusion I wish to thank Mr. John W. Regan who kindly lent me his Micmac Dictionary; the Indian doctor, for interesting information concerning the Micmacs; and Dr. E. Blackadder, the writer of the introduction, for that and aid in reading and correcting the proof; and all those who subscribed for the book before its publication, thereby assuring its success. My earnest prayer for all these kind friends is:

In life that plenty them be given,
And heaven when life's cord is riven.

D. M. MATHESON.

Halifax, N. S.
August, 1917.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

This Edition of "Chebucto and other Poems" is much larger than the first, containing several new pieces. I have added an additional part to "A Dream of Boy-hood and placed under the heading of each poem the year in which it was written. Two of the new ones, "An Elegy" and "December Sixth" owe their inspiration to the great explosion which befell Halifax in the declining part of the year 1917; the one written in memory of the school children who met an untimely death on that eventful day, the other, a vivid description of the day itself. Since the dreadful war has ended in a glorious victory for the Allies and the cause of right I've added the short poem "Peace" and, thought not a votary of Simplified Spelling, "English Spoken and Written" has been given a place in this volume. So, dear reader,

If you have leisure to peruse
  These products of my lowly muse,
Be Sure to seek some quiet bower
To wile away a fruitful hour,
And may you reap when older grown
Some harvest from the seed thus sown.

D. M. MATHESON.

Halifax, N. S.,
August, 1919.

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OUR NATIVE MUSE.

Nova Scotia has been the leader in Canada of a great many things. In oratory, in humour, in history, she can show good claims to precedence, and in poetry she has not been behind. MacPherson, Howe, Lockhart and others were born here. Professor Roberts, while a native of New Brunswick, lived a large part of his mature life in this province, and wrote a good deal of his poetry under Nova Scotia inspiration, and now we welcome to the ranks another Nova Scotian in the person of Mr. D. M. Matheson, at present Principal of Young Street School in this city. He is a Cape Bretoner and a Scotsman of the Scots. His work displays a wide variety from the tragic to the humorous, from the romantic to descriptions of natural scenery, and many a locality endeared to his youth has been enshrined in his verse. The pieces themselves exhibit a considerable mastery over the more common rhythms and metres, the verse is fluent and the vocabulary quite extensive and varied and many a melodious line is found in his work. The sonnets generally observe the true rules of that form of verse, and some of the lyrical pieces like that in "Langmarc" and "The Soul of Flanders" have the genuine ring and fire in them. Chebucto and Petoobok exhibit some excellent passages, and the former evidences much wide reading on the beliefs, usages and reputation of our aborigines! Altogether Mr. Matheson's volume is deserving of a real welcome on the part of the poetry reading public of his native province. He has our congratulations.

DR. E. BLACKADDER.

TO THE MUSE.

Sweet Muse, ensconced by some Elysian spring
Of mountain stream or shady wooded glade,
Of tales and legends rare, I wish to sing,
And call on thee for thy insiring aid;
Too long hast thou been silent now, so come,
Oh muse, and whisper in a poet's ear
That he no longer may be still and dumb,
But sing of things as thou mak'st them appear.
We two will sing of mountain, lake and stream,
Of woodland tales and tales of ocean blue,
And make our song one long and pleasant theme
That others will believe these tales are true,
For poets, as you know, must needs have grace,
E'en if they tell some stories out of place.

CHEBUCTO.

(1916.)

In the golden olden tide
When Acadia was young,
And each hill and river side
With great pines were overhung,
Whose long branches seemed to bridge
Rivers, as they swiftly tore
Seaward from the Central Ridge
Down to meet the tidal bore,
Rolling in o'er slimy ledge
From Atlantic's rocky shore,

On the shores of Havenside
Dwelt Chebucto, famous sage,
Who was honoured, far and wide,
By the people of his age;
For the prowess of this chief
In the Council and the chase
Though it seems beyond belief,
Father Time cannot efface,
Though he left us no relief
Standing on a marble base.

Yet by day and night he looks
Out upon the dark blue sea;
What he sees he ever books
In his log-book silently.
Mother Terra, from her womb,
Raised to him a monument
Which shall ever mark his tomb
Under heaven's firmament,
Till the awful day of doom
Of the great Omnipotent.

Though his race no longer roam
O'er his hunting grounds and brakes,
And their birch canoes ne'er foam
Through his waters, streams and lakes,
Yet before the Pale Face came
Sailing o'er the Western Sea,
Their forbears had made a name
In this land of Acadie,
Though the records of their fame
Shrouded be in mystery.

Chieftain of more noble brow
And of such a manly mien
Nature never did endow
In Acadian demesne;
Keen of vision and of ear,
Iron nerved, of kingly stride,
Active as a mountaineer,
Both as chieftain and as guide,
Never had he any peer
In the land of Havenside.

Trained with spartan care from youth
To endure without complaint
Cold and hunger, heat and drouth,
Like a mediaval Saint.
Though he had no silver spoon,
Handed him by Fortune fair,
Nature, bountiful and boon,
Early made him her co-heir,
Making him to ills immune
By a life in open air.

No one ever in his land
Shot with aim so deadly true;
None, with such a skillful hand,
Ever paddled birch canoe;
None could ever bend his bow;
None could wield his tomahawk;
None his hunting spear could throw;
None like him, the moose could stalk;
None, his haunts so well did know,
Nor his call so truly mock.

Learned in all the native lore
Through the Indian minstrel men;
Drank he deep of Nature's store
With the true observer's ken,
Which led him to ever try
From effects, the cause describe;
While from starry vaulted sky
Knowledge rare did he imbibe,
Aiding him to prophesy
To the people of his tribe.

Long he lived upon the earth
Chieftain of the Micmac race,
And a ruler of more worth
Never did a kingdom grace.
Father to his people all,
Ruled he them most just and wise;
Never did he them enthrall;
Ever willing to advise
And, if need be, to forestall
Them in any false emprise.

Studied he their every need,
How their ills he could remove;
And he ever did them lead
Their condition to improve.
To his oath of office true
During all his lengthy reign,
Never aught did he pursue
Merely pleasure to attain;
And he never sought to brew
Trouble for his private gain.

Made and ministered the laws
During all his busy life,
By removal of the cause
Of contention and of strife!
Told them never to begin,
Without knowledge of the end,
Even for their nearest kin,
Aught, if hard or easy kenned,
If success they wished to win
And no chagrin them attend.

Taught them, everyone, to sleep
Always in the open air,
And a healthy body keep
On a plain and wholesome fare;
Taught them always to control
Every selfish appetite
Of the temple of the soul,
And thus always live aright,
Lest that Death exact his toll
In the darkness of the night.

On the waters of the Arm,
Dwelt Waegwoltic, fair to see,
Maiden of most winsome charm,
Nature's master-piece was she,
Frank and fearless, yet discreet,
With an unaffected grace;
Well proportioned and complete
With a classic modelled face,
And more shapely limbs and feet
Than the maidens of her race.

Sprung from ancient lineage,
She had only to partake
Of her birthright heritage,
Honoured name on earth to make.
At her birth propitious skies
Crowned her brow with beauty's wreath;
And to her majestic poise
Kindly nature did bequeath;
While the gift of high emprise
Genius in her soul did breathe.

Maiden thus of diverse parts,
Trained from early infancy,
Skilled in all domestic arts
And in folk song minstrelsy;
Yet of such a queenly port,
Drest in modest, plain array,
That she could herself comport
Whether at her work or play;
Fit to grace a regal court
By her unassuming way.

Daily over hill and dale
Did she walk, this nature's child,
Where she did her mind regale
With the wonders of the wild,
And as with an airy tread
Fair Waegwoltie passed along
All the songsters overhead
Greeted her with welcome song;
For by Nature she was bred
And to Nature did belong.

On the waters of the Arm,
Where she often did resort
When the summer nights were warm,
There she did herself disport
In her birchen bark canoe;
Like a nymph or water sprite
All the eddies she'd eschew,
While earth's lovely satellite,
As her course she did pursue,
O'er her threw its witching light.

When with ecstasy entranced
By the minstrel's lyric tune,
No foot lighter ever danced
The enchanting rigadoon;
Nor, with joyous quip and joke
And adorned with flowers gay,
Could the other maiden folk
Dance like her the roundelay,
Round and round the festive oak
On a maiden's bridal day.

Mild and gentle in her mood,
For her thoughts were pure and chaste,
And her presence was like food
Falling on a desert waste;
Low and sweetly toned, her voice
Sounded like a silver bell,
And its melody was choice
As is that of Philomel
When his mate he doth rejoice
Singing sweetly "all is well."

Like the sunlight doth adorn
Woods in tinted Autumn guise,
Like the dew drops in the morn
Shone the lovelight in her eyes.
Sweet her breath like wilding flowers.
Scenting all the summer breeze,
Sweeter than ambrosial show'rs
Blowing from the summer seas,
Sweeter far than scented bow'rs
Midst Malaysia's Spicy trees.

Rose she with the early dawn,
Tripped she to her bathing place
And as sportive as a fawn,
Swam she there with mermaid's grace;
Thus her nerves to soothe and heal,
For like sleep 'tis Nature's balm,
And it daily made her feel
Of a mind serene and calm
To enjoy her morning meal
In the family wigwam.

Of the suitors with gifts lade
From the Micmac hamlets round,
Who did woo this lovely maid
But one favor with her found;
'Twas the chief of Havenside,
Born to be her counterpart,
Brushing her reserve aside
With a lover's subtle art,
Wooed Waegwoltic for his bride,
Winning thus her hand and heart.

Song

Oh Waegwoltic, water beauty,
Lovely maiden, be not mute;
Great Atlantic's fairest daughter,
Listen to Chebucto's suit.
Oh you lovely Eve of Eden,
Come Waegwoltic summer's balm,
Listen to my plaintive pean,
Come and gladden my wigwam.

"Loveliest of Micmac maidens,
Great Chebucto's at thy feet,
Say the word my heart to gladden,
Hear my heart throbs, how they beat,
Oh you fairy nymph of ocean,
Let me paddle by your side;
Answer yes to my heart's question,
'Will you be Chebucto's bride?'

"Oh Waegwoltic, lovely water,
Come unto Chebucto's breast,
Come, Waegwoltic, Come Waegwoltic,
There you'll find a haven's rest."

Thus, the chief of Havenside,
Like the heroes of romance,
Wooed Waegwoltic for his bride
With a lover's complaisance;
Sweetly singing in her ear,
With a minstrel's magic art,
What it surely doth appear,
Since our Eden played its part,
Lovely maiden fain would hear
Till winged Cupid shoots his dart.

And Waegwoltie, though a maid,
Of a highly eultured mind,
Cupid's darts eould not evade
More than other woman kind,
For sinee first the world began,
When Miss Eve, demure and eoy,
Looked upon ereated man
With the love-light in her eye,
It has been great Nature's plan
To inerease and multiply.

Where the East and Western arms
Into union doth unite,
Mingling thus their diverse eharms
Like the famed Hermaphrodite
Who did Salmaeis embraee,
Thus becoming one for life,
First love's fondest trysting plaee
Where boon nature's gifts are rife,
Here in Hymen's ehosen plaee
Chief Chebucto won his wife.

Many, many divers ways
Had he paid Waegwoltie suit,
Sometimes singing soulful lays,
Sometimes playing on his lute;
Here in Nature's shady bowers
Where the land and waters meet,
Whiling 'way the summer hours
In this Eden's rare retreat,
While the seented wilding flowers,
Filled the air with fragranee sweet.

Sometimes strolling on the beach
Watched the sea birds winging by,
Heard the Curlew's shrilly screech,
And the gannet's noisy cry.
Often standing on the shore
Watched the big waves flow and ebb,
Or the sea mew swiftly soar
With a fat fish in his neb,
While each moment, more and more
Hymen wove the wished for web.

Sitting in some flow'ry glade,
Oft Waegwoltic and her chief
Nosegays or festoons would braid
Of wild flow'r or maple leaf;
While old Aviator Sol
Westward aeroplaned his way
And the lengthening shadows all
Harbingered the close of day,
And the chilling dew's first fall
Shadowed in the twilight gray.

Often midst the falling dew
Wafted by the wind and tide,
In his birchen bark canoe
With Waegwoltic's by his side
Had he floated o'er the wave
In the early hours of night,
While the silvery moon did lave
All the rippling waves with white,
And each passing moment gave
To their hearts some new delight.

And on natal holidays
Danced he on the village green
To the minstrel's lyric lays
With Waegwoltic for his queen,
And to prove his love for her,
When at eve her bower he sought,
Gifts of flowers and of myrrh,
Beads and woodwork rarely wrought,
And of wampum and of fur,
To her had he often brought.

Whether at his work or play,
Daily thought or nightly dream,
Darksome night or sunny day,
Fair Waegwoltic was his theme.
Such love surely will prevail,
So, at last, one eventide,
Since I needs must tell the tale,
It was murmured far and wide
That Waegwoltic pure and hale,
Was to be Chebucto's bride.

Fair are fleets of white winged prows
Swiftly sailing o'er the sea;
Fair are herds of homing cows,
Winding slowly o'er the lea;
Fair are orchards, when replete
With rich blossoms pink and white;
Fair are fields of ripening wheat
Shining in the morning light;
Fair is any mountain sheet
Burnishing in colors bright;

Fair are all Acadia's lands;
All its streams and wooded lakes,
Headlands high and pebbly strands,
When the early morning breaks,
Fair its scented flowers and trees,
And its many landlocked bays,
Rippling in the summer breeze;
Themes for minstrel muses' lays—
But far fairer than all these
Are Acadia's autumn days.

Made from heavenly design
By some unseen Artisan;
Gift of Architect divine,
To Acadia's Weather man.
Fairest season of the year,
When boon Nature's at her height
Robed in all her beauty sere,
And fair Luna sheds her light
With a more bewitching cheer
Through the watches of the night.

And God's lowly creatures all,
Who the freeman's burden bore,
Having heeded labor's call
Now have plenitude in store,
And from every household hearth
Nightly's offered up the "word."
As a sacrifice of worth
To a kind and gracious Lord
For the riches of the earth,
Filling thus the family board.

And a thrill of peaceful joy
Permeates the human breast
And the starry vaulted sky
Seemingly is at its best,
For old Sol in all his pride
Scorpion doth then adorn,
Midway in his yearly ride
'Twixt the Line and Capricorn,
In this lovely Autumntide
Was Waegwoltie's wedding morn.

Sol in all his glory rose,
Full of splendor in the east
Shining in majestic pose
On Waegwoltie's nuptial feast,
Spread in scented flowery bow'r
Colored in autumnal shades,
By some unseen Titian pow'r
And approached through green Areades
Like it were a marriage dow'r,
From the Graces, Nymphs and Naiads.

Pearly drops of heavenly dew
Glittered in the morning light,
Mirroring each tint and hue
Like the lovely rainbow bright,
While the cool Autumnal breeze,
Sang with a magican's skill
Midst the rustling flowers and trees,
And a rippling fountain rill
Ever murmured melodies
With a never ceasing trill.

Everything it could devise
To supply a missing part
For this earthly paradise,
Was performed by Indian art.
All resplendent in its sheen
And in never ending chain
Of its picturesque routine,
Shone this fairy-like domain,
Like a Bagdad Courtly scene
When renowned Haroun did reign.

Fair Waegwoltic rose that morn
With the breaking of the day,
That she might herself adorn
In attractive plain array,
And with nature's common sense;
For her future lord's request
And her well bred continence
Both agreed she should be drest
With all modest innocence,
And thus show her charms the best.

'Neath her bridal canopy,
Made of 'green and maple leaf
Sits Waegwoltic modestly,
Waiting for her bridegroom chief,
While around the festive booth
In a gay and merry throng,
Blithesome maid and joyous youth,
Danced to timely minstrel song,
Mids't such jokes and jests uncouth,
Which to wedding feasts belong.

Those whom nature doth endow
With a self-same heart and mind
What Waegwoltic's thinking now
Needs alone e'er seek to find,
Though some sages here below
With this knotty problem wrought,
Yet despite their wisdom's flow,
All their labors came to nought;
For 'tis only maidens know
What it was Waegwoltic thought,

As in bridal robes she sits,
Waiting the appointed time,
While each passing moment flits,
Slowly by the Autumn chime.
Hark, a sound falls on her ear,
Faster beats her throbbing breast,
Clearer still and yet more clear,
Rolls its volume towards the west,
Till in view there doth appear
Great Chebucto's Maple Crest,

Undulating on the waves,
As his fleet of light canoes,
With its retinue of braves,
Sweeps along the Arm in twos,
Sculled by oarsmen skilled and strong,
Headed by their honored chief,
Chanting, all the nuptial song,
Of Chebucto's lady lief,
Which the Echoes do prolong,
Midst the hills and dales' relief.

"Fairest flower of the wild,
Chief Chebucto's chosen spouse,
Fair Waegwoltic, Nature's child,
'Tis the chosen time to house,
All the corn is in the sheaf,
Husking time is overdue,
Lady of the Maple Leaf,
Tinged with Autumn's tinted hue,
Chief Chebucto claims his fief,
Ere the winter storms ensue.

"Beauty of the Western Sea,
Father Neptune's master piece,
Chief Chebucto comes for thee,
Single blessedness must cease,
For the time is opportune;
'Tis the fairest time of year,
Brightened by the hunter's moon
Every thing in Nature's sere,
Chief Chebucto claims his boon,
For the chosen time is here."

Thus Chebucto and his crew,
Blithely did this carol sing,
As their course they did pursue,
Places never altering;
Ever, ever gliding on,
Voices always keeping time,
Paddles all in unison,
In the lovely autumn prime,
Like the graceful trumpet swan,
Swimming in its native clime.

Like a Yale and Harvard race,
Scullers with each other vied,
As with ever rythmic pace,
Paddles cut the flooding tide,
Till at last they reached the strand,
Of Waegwoltic's fair domain,
Where the Chieftain and his band,
Ceased at once their minstrel strain;
For this lovely fairyland,
Hand and tongue did both enchain.

Soon the wonders of the scene
From Chebucto passes o'er
And with high majestic mien
Lithely steps he to the shore
And o'er pathway spread with thrum,
Passes to Waegwoltic's side,
Voices soon are hushed and mum,
Jollity to silence died,
For the chosen time is come
For the chief to wed his bride.

Neptune, guardian of the deep,
Blessings on this bridal pour,
That each flooding tide or neap,
Happiness may have in store
For Chebucto and his wife;
See that every passing hour
Of Waegwoltic's wedded life,
Both in sunshine and in shower,
Every moment shall be rife,
With contentment in her bower.

Come ye Graces and ye Fays,
Cupid, with his lovers' bow
Makers of home's social ways,
Favors on Waegwoltic blow;
Come, ye Nymphs and Water sprites,
All ye Mermaids of the sea,
Min'sters of the Classic rites,
Of Historic Arcadie,
And ye heavenly Satellites
Witness Hymen's Cer'mony,

Come, ye Alchemists, evolve,
Some new wondrous alkahest,
Ills and evils to dissolve,
While the minstrels play their best;
Let the notes all counterpoint,
All the wave lengths coincide,
That unlucky fates arroint,
From Chebucto and his bride,
And good wishes all conjoint,
Till the malawink is tied,

While the good luck pendant's hung,
Round about Waegwoltic's neck;
And the girdle's round her swung,
Of the parti-colored fleck;
And the ring and coin are ta'en,
And the fatal words are said,
Which doth weld the sacred chain,
By which man and maid are wed;
And the rites that are germane
From the Book of Life are read,

While Chebucto takes the staff,
Emblem of the married life,
And Waegwoltic, maize and chaff,
Cognizance of wedded wife,
Now he's taken spear and hook,
Symbols of a hunter's skill,
She, from him demurely took,
Wisp and basin, spoon and grill;
Then both in the Record book,
Made their signs with new made quill.

Now all promises are made,
Now they're one in hand and heart;
Each must be the other's aid,
Till fell Death sets them apart;
Now the wedlock rites are done
Fair Waegwoltic's changed her name;
Maidenhood's blithe course is run;
Now she is a married dame;
Groom and bride are two in one,
Hence their motives are the same.

Toilers in the same employ,
Sharers in each other's woe,
Partners of each others joy,
As through life they onward go.
Now, ye maids in waiting all,
Come 'tis time for you, I wis,
Fair Waegwoltic to install,
With the gratulation kiss,
While Chebucto's in the thrall,
Of a bashful bridegroom's bliss.

Now the time at last is meet,
While they leave the Nuptial bower,
Blushing bride and groom to greet
With the wonted good luck shower;
Then each page and flower maid
Decked with Autumn flowers gay,
With the maple leaf inlaid,
Blithesomely will lead the way,
Like a merry masquerade
Or a sylvan ballet, eh,

To the bridal feast among
Evergreen and flowerette,
And with arches overhung,
All in Autumn colors set,
Where, in an enchanted dale,
Welcome guests at tables sate
Lade with venison and quail,
And aught else to satiate
Epicurean maid or male
Ever present at a fete.

While they dine, a merry band,
Drest like hunters, cap a pie,
On the turf, joined hand and hand,
Dance in youthful jollity,
Round the tables in a ring,
Spurred by young life's merry cheer,
On the level grassy ling,
While with music, sweet and clear,
All in choral voices sing,
Songs Waegwoltic loved to hear,

Songs she sang in girlhood days
To the minstrel muse's lute,
Of the hunt and true love's praise
When Chebucto paid her suit.
Now the marriage feast is past,
Things of earth all have an end,
Parting time has come at last,
Sadness must with pleasure blend
And e'en Stoics seem down cast
Parting from a life long friend.

Where's the man who never felt
When from home he first did part
Manhood's buoyant spirit melt
And a weak'ning round his heart?
Why deny Waegwoltic's right,
Then to shed a parting tear
Even though with promise bright
All her future doth appear,
And this day she doth alight
In a more exalted sphere?

For to-day, she leaves the scenes
Where her childhood's days were spent,
And this parting to her means,
More than passing sentiment.
What to man mere trifles seem
Worth a fleeting moment's thought,
Like the fancies of a dream,
To a woman may be wrought
In the voyage down life's stream
With ideals her soul hath sought.

And 'tis hard to bid farewell
To the seenes and friends of youth,
That have by their saered spell,
Filled our breasts with tender ruth
'Tis a trait in human kind,
Strongest in the female race,
That associations bind
Us to a familiar plaee
With such ties of heart and mind
Death itself can scarce efface.

Oncc again midst mirth and glee
Birch canoes are on the waves,
Gliding homeward, skillfully,
Pilotted by braw'ny braves.
Northward from the Point they steer,
Sculling two and two abreast;
And, as Havenside they near
Bounding o'er the tidal crest,
Minstrel greetings meet the ear
Of the Lady of the West.

"Greetings to our honored chief,
Greetings to his lovely bride,
Lady of the Maple Leaf,
Welcome home to Havenside,
Brightly shines yon Autumn Sun
Gilding all with golden seal,
And the Fates for you have spun
Many years of wedded weal,
Lovely lady, lucky son,
Welcome from your people leal.

"Shining sun doth signify
Nuptial happiness to wife,
Stars and planets prophesy
Future joys of married life.
May the mutual flame of love
Which first Cupid did'st inspire
Well replenished from above
Kindle a domestic fire,
Which fed by Affection's dove,
E'er will brighter burn and higher.

"May kind heaven ever strew
Flowers in your daily path
As life's journey you pursue,
Even in its aftermath,
May the seed this day has sown,
Watered by Love's sacrifice,
Daily thrive with healthy tone
And with fully balanced poise,
Till the Tree, maturely grown,
Blooms at length, in Paradise."

Thus the hoary minstrels sang
Welcome to their chieftain's queen,
While with well timed beat and clang
Footsteps strike the hard terrene
With a slow and measured pace,
Whilst a merry lissome route
Of the younger populace,
Right hands lifted in salute,
With a most becoming grace
Greet Chebucto and his suite,

As they step upon the shore,
And along a path, which led
Through a pine clad corridor,
Pass with light and stately tread
To Waegwoltic's new abode
Nestling midst the maple trees,
(Which in autumn colors glowed)
Rustling in the Western breeze,
And near which a streamlet flowed,
Ever murm'ring melodies.

'Tis the autumntide again,
Bonfires blaze upon the hill,
Hearts of matrons and of men
Vibrate with exultant thrill,
Cheery notes are in the air,
Havenside is filled with joy;
Chief Chebucto has an heir,
For the Chief of Chiefs on high
Heard Waegwoltic's daily pray'r!
That her first born be a boy.

Sweet are dewy flowers and trees
Shining in the morning sun,
And to dark-skinned Cingalese,
Sweet his grove of Cinnamon,
Sweet to Arab doth appear
Sight of his familiar palm;
Sweet, to weary pilgrim here
Nature's restorative balm;
Sweet for saddened souls to hear
Sung the De Profundis psalm,

Sweet to loyal British, all,
Is the "Union" to their gaze,
And to patriotie Gaul
Sweet the strains of Marseillaise,
Sweet to thrifty farmer's eye
Are his fields of ripened eorn;
And when vesper breezes sigh,
Sweet the sound of bugle horn,
But far sweeter is the tie,—
Mother love for her first born.

Mother love, our heritage!
Heaven's prieeless gift to man,
Theme for poet and for sage,
Since our pilgrimage began,
Riehest treasure of our earth,
Given us by God through Love,
Shortly after Adam's birth,
And reborn with Christ the Dove,
Living would lose all its worth
Were there not a mother's love.

Blest is he who in his youth
Learns the narrow path to tread—
Path of virtue and of truth,
By a manly father led;
And, when later, learned in lore,
Wisely makes a sure essay
Of Dame Learning's stock of ore,
Casting all the dross away;
And then doth each nugget weigh
Ere he adds it to his store.

Blest is he whose daily task
With his soul's impress is done,
Even though he never bask
In fair Fortune's radiant sun.
We're but soldiers on parole
And must needs all pay life's debt,
Ere we hope to reach the goal,
And mere pleasure never yet
Satisfied the human soul.

Blest those mortals here on earth
Since their pilgrimage began
Made no friends but men of worth
During all Life's living span;
Blest, too, is the psychic tie
Binding friend to fellow friend
Which doth hard spots mollify
As our way we daily wend—
Friendships such as never die
Even when we reach life's end.

Blest the holy ties that bind
Man to home and babes and wife,
There, contentment he will find,
Sweeter than aught else in life,
There a little boy or miss
Doth that sweet, sweet scene rehearse,
Earth's prime treasure, baby's kiss,
There is softened Adam's curse
And is found the Eden bliss
Pictured in the sacred verse.

There alone on earth is found
Aught akin to Paradise,
There doth sympathy abound
In a pure heart's sacrifice;
There sweet motherhood doth reign
Ruling by her love and prayers
All within her true domain
Making man forget Life's cares
While Time weaves home's magic chain,
Round about him unawares.

Mother! All that's blest and good,
Centres round that treasured word,
Mother-love and motherhood!
Sweetest sounds man ever heard,
Mother! blest and sweetest name,
Spoken by the human tongue,
Age and youth do thee acclaim,
Angels have thy praises sung,
And the greatness of thy fame,
Hath through all the ages rung.

Mother-love! whose fountain flow,
Feedeth man the living breath,
And which burns with tenser glow,
Even when he's cold in death;
Blest and wondrous gift divine
Of the Master Artisan
In fair Eden's holy shrine
To the fallen creature man,
When fell Satan did design
To destroy Creation's plan.

Standing neath the Council oak
In the sunset of his years,
To his council thus he spoke,
Sitting round with heeding ears:
("All these fair Acadian lands
Over which we freely roam,
Yet shall pass to Alien hands
Hither come to fond a home,
Even now their warrior bands
Cross their pikes with mighty Rome.

"Often 'twixt the day and night,
When portentous omens shine
In the fading rays of light,
Have these watchful eyes of mine,
Here where Havenside is set,
And our council, wise and grave,
Oft in conference has met,
Laws and treaties to engrave,
O'er their frowning parapet,
Seen their tripple banner wave.

"And I've heard the bugle horn,
Often the reveillie sound,
With the breaking of the morn,
And the sentinel beat his round,
Often, too, high up in air,
Have I seen huge monsters fly,
And their burning eye-balls glare,
And light streamers from on high,
Like the Borealis glare
When it lights the northern sky.

"When by Manito possessed, *
And from hill Wakaloosan
Where my vision's at its best
Havenside at eve I scan,
Scenes all round below me lie,
Fair as Dilletante could choose;
Rising gracefully on high,
In these panoramic views
Sacred temples meet the eye,
Parks and shaded avenues,

"Palace, bungalow and cot,
Hedge and shrubbery between,
Lovely lawn and gardened plot,
All in natural routine,
Stately shops of stone and brick,
Shining in some magic light,
'Twixt, Kwebec and Okosik, **
Built on streets all paved and white,
By the body politic,
Often cross my second sight.

"Where the boatman now is wont,
Safely from Monok't † to hide
All along the water front,
Sheltered from the wind and tide,
And the storm king's angry bile,

---

* Citadel.
** George's Island.
† Strong wind and tide.
Kwebec Narrows.

And the storm king's angry bile,
Till the fierce Okoosun* veer;
There extending mile on mile,
Have I seen with vision sere
Great ships docking all the while
From another hemisphere.

"And a fiery iron horse,
More renowned than he of Troy,
Which Aeneas caused remorse,
Snorting with exultant joy,
Meets the ship from o'er the main,
Lade with passengers and mail,
And with straining bit and rein
O'er his hard and beaten trail,
Straight away is off again,
With the speed of August gale.

"Ships of wondrous handicraft
Too, these god-like strangers have,
Which, alike both fore and aft,
Dive like sea ducks, 'neath the wave,
And like "grey-hounds" in the slips,
Often here in Havenside,
Have I seen great dreadnought ships,
At their anchor safely ride,
Swinging in a half ellipse,
Graceful to the wind and tide,

---

* East wind

"From whose sides in tongues of fire,
Fearful portents often rang,
Ominous of pentup ire
Belching forth with martial clang,
And the thunder of whose arms,
Echoing 'mong the hills around,
Filled you all with dread alarms
And the boldest did astround,
While their warriors' mental charms,
Did your wisest chiefs confound.

"When this weird and ghostly chough
Maddening to mind and nerve
Did your bravest warriors bluff,
To forget their calm reserve,
Pale Face then with mind serene
Chiefs in Council did convoke,
And with showy feigned routine,
All the Pipe of peace did smoke,
And the Red-man's rich demesne,
Passed unto a foreign yoke.

"By this direful prophecy
Pale Face will at first possess
All our rich lands near the sea,
But he inland e'er will press,
Soon he'll pitch his log caboose,
Far beyond our utmost bounds,
And the deer and royal moose,
Frighted by his bloody hounds,
Needs perforce for safety choose,
New and far off feeding grounds.

"E'en grim taciturn moween,
Startled by this stranger's gun,
Shall seek out some safe ravine,
This new danger hence to shun,
Where by day he'll slumb'ring growl,
Hidden in his secret glen,
And at night come forth to prowl
Round about the white man's den,
Then, too, will the water fowl,
Less frequent their marshy fen.

"Where the hunter now is wont,
Over hill and moor and mere
Daily hart and buck to hunt,
With his ashen bow and spear,
And with brow and head held high,
Treads he lightly o'er the sod,
With a proud and flashing eye
"Fearful only of his God,"
Sleeping under open sky,
Like an ancient demigod,

"His descendant will become
Alien in his father's land,
And like squawman meek and dumb,
Shall obey the White's command.
Like a beggar in the blast
Plods along the wind swept road,
Like a leprous outcast,
Like a slave beneath the goad,
With bowed head and eye aghast,
Abjectly he'll bear his load.

"Even though we conquered be
By this race so vigorous
From the islands over sea,
Something will he learn from us;
Sure as yonder setting sun
Doth foreshadow twilight gray,
Having but a cycle run,
Guiding pilgrims on their way,
Who by doing well have won
Promise of a brighter day,

"Scarce threc cent'ries will have fled
Since our rule was overthrown,
Whcn a warrior, fierce and dread,
Will attack the White man's own,
For his pcople, undeterred,
Led by Fashion's madd'ning mood,
Will their offspring falsely gird,
Feeding them unwholesome food;
Then will Rachel's voice be heard
Weeping o'er her stricken brood;

"And the white man's deadly plague
Many victims will have slain,
And the leech with knowlcdge vague,
Plied his treatment all in vain,
Then the Pale Face, filled with dread,
Will from us a lesson learn,
And from down and feather bcd,
To our way of sleeping turn,
By their men of science lcd,
To a life they once did spurn.

"What we often fail to win,
Kindly nature wins for us,
And I feel it deep within;
That it often happens thus,
For I've learned from Manito
Life is but a fated blend,
Half of gladness, half of woe,
And 'tis hard to comprehend
That what seems a deadly foe
Often proves a living friend.

"Hear me, children, what I say
And by Manito, depone,
Ere will come that direful day
When our rule is overthrown,
Dynasties of chiefs will pass
To oblivion profound,
Countless times great Nature's glass
In its orbit, whirl around,
Many eras too of grass,
Grow above my resting mound."

Winds are blowing raw and chill,
Havenside is filled with grief,
Busy life is awed and still,
For the old and honored chief,
Great Chebucto, on his bier,
Cold in death is lying low,
Death, the reaper, hath been here,
Mortal's dread and deadly foe,
And the crop that was most sere
With his sickle did he mow.

By his bier with saddened face,
Gazing on the marble brow,
Sits Waegwoltic in her place,
Sorrow is her portion now,
As she gazes on her dead,
Slowly pass the many years,
Since the chief and she were wed;
All those little joys and fears,
Pass in slow and measured tread
Midst her ever falling tears.

Sometimes, too, she doth surmise
That she hears the well known voice
And beholds the chieftain's guise,
Which did oft her heart rejoice,
And to her it sometimes seems
She can hear his step approach,
And she deems he only dreams
Peacefully upon his couch;
In her breast a faint hope beams
That she sees his eyes abroach,

Though to her 'tis manifest,
By the Chieftain's ashen face,
And the stillness of his breast,
That Chebucto's run his race.
Is it that he may not grope,
On Life's sea without a chart,
And that he may always cope
With success to do his part
In Life's battle here, that hope
Springs eternal in man's heart?

Death is sad at any time
Hallowed e'en by woman's tears;
Sadder in a foreign clime
When our cries reach stranger's ears;
Sadder still is it to die,
In the desert world alone,
When the dissolution cry
Falls upon the ears of none,
And on burning sands we lie,
Underneath the scorching sun.

Man's Creator must have known
Home, the woman's sphere, to be,
When in her He did enthrone
Nature in such high degree,
That, whenever she doth mourn,
Pearly drops ne'er fail to flow,
Downward from their fountain bourn,
Thus to lighten sorrow's blow,
While, by man, fell grief is borne
Ever tearless here below.

Nearby in the Chieftain's chair,
Bowed in deepest grief, there sits
Dead Chebucto's son and heir,
With his wife and little chits
All on cushions sitting low;
On a table lie the mace
And the dead chief's ashen bow.
Products of the hunt and chase,
Antlers of the buck and doe
Hang suspended from a brace,

Bows and arrows, flinted shafts,
Chief Chebucto's hunting spear,
Miniature canoes and rafts,
Tomahawks and hunting gear.
On an elevated throne
Stands an aged personage,
Who the Chieftain's youth had known,
From a very early age,
Who doth read in mournful tone
From an old and yellow page.

("Nine and ninety times did snows
Whiten every hill and vale,
Ninety-nine the wilding rose,
Bloomed and blossomed in the dale,
Ninety-nine, the lark on high,
Carolled in the merry June,
Nine and ninety in the sky,,
Had been seen the Hunter's moon;
Ten score times been heard the cry,
Of the migratory loon,

"Since upon a morning bright,
At the hour of bugle horn,
All the landscape bathed in light,
Havenside's dead chief was born;
Showed he a precocious art,
Even in his childhood days,
For he could repeat by heart
Many of our minstrel lays,
And in use of bow and dart
Early won unstinted praise.

"And, when e'er he did contend,
When a youth, in sportive games,
His great prowess did commend
Him to watchful maids and dames,
And in other ways had shown
Skill in feats of strength and hand,
So that, when to manhood grown,
He'd no equal in the land,
And all Havenside did own,
He it was that should command.

"As the winters did ensue,
Him the people did revere:
And his wisdom deeper grew
With the passing of each year,
Thus, as chieftain, did he bide
Long upon this worldly stage,
Where he did his people guide,
During all his pilgrimage
Well and wisely, till he died
At a patriarchial age.

"For at last, the Reaper, Death,
In the chariot of the dead,
Passing by him blew a breath
And Chebucto's spirit fled.
Now in his ancestral hall
Lies his cold and lifeless clay,
Covered with the funeral pall,
Prince and peasant's last array,
Thus to wait the trumpet call
On the resurrection day."

While he reads a quietude,
  Like the silence, deep and still,
Of an island solitude,
  Doth the mourning chamber fill,
Then the hoary minstrel man,
  Having, from the Record Book,
Read the dead chief's living span,
  With becoming mien and look,
Soon a mournful dirge began,
  In a plaintive voice which shook.

"Manitou! Great Manitou!
  Thou, who ever doth what's best,
Guide Chebucto dangers through
  To the Hunting-grounds of rest.
As our chieftain and our guide,
  Bravely hath he fought and won,
Now he's laid his arms aside,
  For on earth his duty's done,
Take him home with Thee to bide
  Where doth always shine the Sun.

"Manitou! Great Manitou!
  Listen to our plaintive pray'r,
Let Chebucto's spirit go
  To the Hunting grounds so fair;
Thou has mercy, Thou hast power,
  His disquietude allay;
On his spirit Manna show'r
  As he wanders on his way,
When the fiery clouds do low'r,
  Be Thou then Chebucto's stay."

While this requiem was sung,
All sat still with bathed breath,
And upon each mourner's tongue
Sat a stillness as of death.
Scarce had ceased this plaintive psalm
When an aged forester
Did Chebucto's corpse embalm,
With preserving oils and myrrh,
Placing him serene and calm
In his chosen sepulchre.

Thus he laid the honored corpse
With his head towards the west;
Placed a mournful cypress torse
Rev'rently upon his breast,
Then the mourners past did pace
With a slow and measured tread
And upon the bier did place,
As memorials of the dead,
Implements of home and chase,
Symbols of the life he led,

Arrow head and gouge and celt,
Moccasin with beaded ties,
Great Chebucto's wampum belt,
And his fourteen favorite dies,
Birch canoe and spear and gaff
And his seasoned pipe of peace;
And his heavy walking staff,
Death's sad journey thus to ease;
Then the dead chief's epitaph
Ended the sad obsequies.

"Though like other mighty dead
Of the dim and distant past,
Chief Chebucto's life is fled
And in mystery o'ercast,
Yet the chief of Havenside,
On this rocky promontry,
In the spirit will abide,
Ever till eternity,
And his beacons ever guide
Ships in from the troubled sea."

PETOOBOK.

(1918)

Of Petoobok and of its golden sea,
The fairest gem of Nature's fashioning
The beauty spot of beauteous Acadie,
Its summer and its winter scenes I sing:
Here in primeval days great Neptune wise
Conspired with Flora, bounteous and free,
To make a masterpiece, a paradise,
Where Nymphs and Naaid's might forever woo;
And now by night and day it ever lies
Reflecting in its waters, deep and blue,
The heavenly wonders of the vaulted skies.

In splendour, wild and picturesque and grand,
Beneath its sentinel hills like crystal set
With rarest taste by God and Nature's hand,
It mirrors in its depths the silhouette
Of mountains, which, like heroes of romance,
Along its lovely shores forever stand,
To guard the waters of its vast expanse,
And holds to-day the same bewitching charm
Of loveliness divine, you to entrance,
As on the morn the cry of Golden Arm,
Burst from the lips of sons of sunny France.

Lake Petoobok, on summer afternoon
Looks fair and lovely to the mortal gaze,
And lovely too, what time the hunter's moon
Illumines it with her bewitching rays,

As it lies sleeping neath its guardian hills
By Flora robed in beauty, rare and boon,
With foliage of variegated frills
On which the dancing beams like fairies glint
And from dame Nature's ample store distils
Those dyes of one and thousand autumn tints
Wrought by some magic hand in fairy mills.

But Petoobok is fairest to behold
On Autumn morn, when orient Sunlight breaks
In radiant glory on its arm of gold,
And gentle noosuk* into ripples shakes,
The placid surface of its crystal sea,
And to the eye a vista doth unfold,
A wondrous scene of heavenly alchemy,
Like that told us by John in Holy Writ,
Which fills the soul with perfect ecstasy,
And which once seen, though time be preterit
In after life in dreams you'll ever see.

In boyhood days how often did I stroll
On summer evenings neath its sheltering wood,
And watched its waves in lordly grandeur roll,
With others of the barefoot Brotherhood,
In quiet unison towards the shore,
While down the west towards the evening goal
Sol's aeroplane each moment wended lower,
And on the wing the greedy white sea gull
His passage from his finny berth did soar;
And faint in view the fast receding hull
Of white sailed ship her outward voyage bore.

* West wind.

How often too with rapturous delight,
And throbbing heart and pulses all alive,
And all but loins in Nature's garb bedight,
Beneath its cooling waters did I dive
With headlong plunge from some projecting stone,
Succeeding quick some bigger bare-back wight,
Who had some stages nearer manhood grown,
And whose high dives from off the bridge nearby
Gave him a village prowess all his own,
Which most would not and all dare not deny,
So ruled o'er us like king upon a throne.

And when to surface come, well in his wake,
Have followed him with many a boyish prank,
Yet careful, him to never overtake,
Till having reached the well known sought for bank,
We drew ourselves up from its watery stream
And sat us down a solar bath to take,
And watch the glancing sunbeams o'er it gleam,
Or listen to the summer bird's sweet lay,
As to his mate he sang with joy supreme,
Until some nearby watch dog's deep mouthed bay
Awakened us from out our daylight dream.

How many times, loved Petoobok, I've dreamt
Of thee and of the days and nights I've spent
Around thy shores, which ever did me tempt
And filled my anxious mind with sweet content,
At times with deep and troubled yearning fraught
To know, for sure, what God and Nature meant!
In summer quiet and when the storm king wrought

In billows high, the waters of thy sea,
By day, by night, I've stood, and gazed, and thought,
And but to solve the doubts which troubled me
And from thee learned the knowledge which I sought.

For though since then dark clouds did oft appear
As onward through Life's journey I had trod,
Conviction grew more stronger, year by year,
That nature's work was but the work of God;
Nor did I e'er forget the lesson learned
From Petoobok, preceptor, true and dear,
And as I older grew I've ever yearned,
Again along thy lovely shores to walk,
And in my thoughts and dreams I've oft returned,
To those old haunts, there spectre like to stalk,
E'en though in distant lands I have sojourned.

And oft in sleep I've seen the sheep and kine
A grazing on thy hills and pastures, green,
And often seen the latter's winding line,
Move slowly toward the milking pen at e'en,
While from St. Joseph's tower the call to prayer,
Was softly borne across thy foaming brine,
To free the while some tired soul from care,
Who at her household tasks had toiled all day,
While clear in view like gem most pure and rare,
Thy waters shone, throughout their winding way,
In all their glory in the evening air.

E'en yet in dreamland do I sometimes climb
The tall beech trees which fringed thy guardian land,

And rove again at early morning prime,
A barefoot boy, along thy pebbly strand,
And hear again the noisy, babbling rills,
Flow down thy banks with ever murmuring rhyme,
From lake or mere on thy surrounding hills,
Or clamber slowly down the rugged cliff,
To well known haunts to catch the harmless squills,
Or drifting down thy bosom in a skiff,
Inhale the scent which Flora free distills.

And see the sun descend beyond the weald,
And listen to the ploughman's homely lay,
As he hies homeward from the fallow field
When round about him falls the twilight gray,
And in the west fair Vesper opes her eye
By which the farmer's day is surely sealed;
Or hearken to the bat and owlet's cry,
And such like creatures of the nightly breed,
While in the waters which before me lie
Like lillies blooming in some Eden Mead
Peep forth the patines of the vaulted sky.

I loved thee, Petoobok, when but a child,
But loved thee more when I'd to manhood grown,
And many happy days around thee spent,
Taught me to look upon thee as my own,
And love thy forms of beauty manifold.
By Zephyrs stirred, or tossed by tempest wild,
Or when thy bosom like a sheet of gold
Reflects itself in Autumn's orient light,
Or when in fetters bound, by winter's cold
Illumined by fair Luna, waxing bright,
Thou'rt ever grand and lovely to behold.

When Terra round old Sol her way betakes
Through Capricorn in her perpetual ride,
And nature sets his seal on all the lakes
And chilly Keesick** doth on earth abide,
And robes in white the hills and vales around,
The silvery brook flows slowly through the brakes
As to the sea its sluggish way is found
Neath leafless trees with silver thaw bent low,
The silent hearers of its babbling sound,
And household roof and eaves with crystal snow
Or pendant icicle do all abound.

Far from his summer haunts the grim moween
Sojourneth now within his snow bound lair
And sucks his paw with sour and silent mien,
While hunger's pang doth mad him to dispair
And winter's chill his famished body numb,
Yet forth will stalk with shaggy coat and lean,
When instinct tell him First of Aries come,
To break his long and most unwelcome fast
Upon some weaker one of Nature's dumb,
Which roam unwary through the forests vast
And now a prey to bruin doth succumb.

The hare has changed for white his robe of fawn
That with more safety he may seek his brouse,
The grouse, ere this, have put their storm coats on,
The beaver to his well made winter house,
Which in the summer he did wisely build,
To pass his winter long ago has gone
With fellow members of the beaver guild,

** Winter.

To live in plenty at the common board,
With wholesome edibles in plenty filled,
Which in the Autumn time they wisely stored,
From woodland trees which nature well had tilled.

Cold blows the wind across the ice bound lakes
For even Noosuk is inclement now,
And whistles shrilly through the wooded brakes,
And shakes incessantly the pendant bough,
And murmurs 'mong the pines his ghostly sough,
And blows in whirling gusts the crystal flakes
Of snow against the sorely tried and hungry chough
Compelled by gnawing in its empty craw
To brave the blast in search of carrion stuff
And smothering its weak and plaintive caw
Doth hurl it stunned against some icy bluff.

The winter Natatories all have gone
To ocean haunts along Atlantic's shore;
The noisy sea gulls dreary monotone
Above the frozen lakes is heard no more,
Save where it into north and south divides,
Some lone one inland by strong Eurus blown,
For nature's instinct ever safely guides,
Doth find itself above an open sea,
Made in the ice by meeting of the tides,
And where it doth itself exult with glee,
And e'en the storm king mocks at and derides.

Cold Boreas now often day and night
Across the icy lakes doth chilly blow,
And Eurus, sometimes, too, with all his might,
Doth hurl before his breath the blinding snow,

As inward he doth come from stormy seas,
And both these giant winds at times unite
To make the mercury fall to low degrees
And rush along with wild and shrieking wrath,
The blinding, freezing, dreadful north east breeze,
Which hurls the snow before it from its path
And piles it up in drifts among the trees.

Yet Keesick, too, hath many pleasant days,
When Auster tempers Noosuk's winter ire,
Or Noosuk, for a while, himself essays
From his inclement manner to retire,
Then softer 'mong the trees his breezes sigh
And storm clouds scatter 'neath the solar rays
And winter's biting breath doth mollify,
And Luna, Terra's heavenly satellite,
Doth shed more brilliant light, as she rolls by
On Petoobok which in reflected light
Doth mirror on its plate the star-lit sky.

While Petoobok in lap of winter lies
And all the lake in icy coat is sealed
And Boreas the deepening snow drift piles
On Kings highway and pasture land and field,
'Tis then the youth each eve and early night
Enjoy their fill of healthy exercise,
While overhead fair Luna waxing bright
Across the heavens drives on her silver steed,
And Petoobok in her reflected light
With rare magnificence doth shine indeed,
To boyhood's eye a vista of delight.

Now o'er the lake the eager sportsmen ride
And joyously the tinkling sleigh bells ring,
Or o'er the glittering sheet from side to side,
Like birds of passage swift upon the wing,
With reckless speed the ice-boats wend their way,
And woe to them who on their decks abide,
If once in turning round the boats misstay;
Or o'er the ice, the skaters, hand in hand,
In couples move with hearts and spirits gay,
While farther off a youthful robust band,
In Nature's rink the game of hockey play.

Now down Lake Petoobok's snow covered side
The big bobsled speeds on its tortuous way,
Where one mischance of its impetuous guide
Will hurl both coasters and the speeding sleigh
Into some yawning crevice down below,
The coasters glad that worse does not betide
Than an immersion in the drifted snow;
The cold exhilarating air is rent
With joyous laugh and wild and loud halloa,
As up the steep and glittering ascent
They slowly wend with derelict in tow.

And now in every home the constant pat
Of busy feet and whir of spinning wheel,
Are heard, and heard, too, is the social chat
Of maidens young, midst many a merry peal
Of laughter gay, when in a room, apart,
Is placed upon the floor the new made mat
In such a way as surely to impart

More eloquent than words of pen or tongue
To mating man their skill at household art,
While sometimes, too, by one or more is sung
Some old time song, so dear to woman's heart.

The voice of little children too is heard
All day in childish prattle in the room,
And now the game of soldier is preferred
As Jackie marches forward with his broom,
Or now, perchance, he plays at keeping school,
And slow and sure he draws some pictured word,
Or measures off some distance with his rule;
While blue eyed Sis sits sewing for her doll
As busy as a seamstress on her stool;
And Polly sings out loudly "Pretty Poll,"
With emphasis of gesture, shrill and cool.

And mother, all her household, well arrays
And dusts the rooms with broom and cloth and wisp,
While in the oven, cakes of oat or maize,
Before the hard wood fire are turning crisp;
Perhaps she turns the roast upon the spit,
Which broils and browns before the smokless blaze
Of beech or birch to sizes cut and split,
And with its sav'ry juice doth well it baste
Till it becomes full tender done and fit
To please full well the Epicurean taste
Of any one who at her board should sit.

Her toilet, too, is made with zealous care;
And carefully she plies the brush and comb,

Upon her flowing locks of golden hair,
That she may look her best when he comes home
And does aught else her toilet doth require,
Then dons the dress he likes to see her wear,
For well she knows the one he does admire;
As on her breast she pins his favorite flower,
Her mirror proves the taste of her attire,
And as the clock moves to'ards his homing hour
She thus awaits the coming of the sire.

The table, too, is set and neatly drest
With snow white cloth and dishes spotless clean,
And aught that wifely wit could well suggest,
To add to art of dining room routine,
From mother learned or in Home Journal read,
A sight to please the most fastidious guest
Of courtly mother ever born and bred;
And who could blame her now, if she should say,
When passing by with light and airy tread,
"It looks as lovely now as on the day
When at the altar John and I were wed."

As to'wards the time of twilight evening creeps
She soothes her babe to rest with lullaby
And when the wee one on his pallet sleeps
She watches over him full tenderly,
While shadows slowly lengthen on the floor,
And with what joy her heart, vibrating, leaps
When father steps inside the opened door,
And to his arms full joyfully she hies,
For proud she is to have him home once more
And read within his honest manly eyes
The love and honor which through them outpour.

Then to the board, the way, the father leads
And at the head takes his accustomed place
And standing with bowed head the father pleads
That God may grant them all His Saving Grace:
They dine, and when the table's cleared away,
He opes the Holy Book and therein reads
What some inspired writer has to say
And all the family listen to the word,
Then father, mother, children, kneel to pray
That God, their souls in purity, may gird
And shield them from temptation night and day.

Then Sis and Jackie kneel at mother's knees
And after her repeat their evening prayer,
And in their cosy cots soon rest at ease
In peaceful sleep in guardian Angel's care,
The School day boys and girls their lessons learn,
Whom father from his arm chair oversees,
That they the right ideas may discern
And knowledge may her secrets rare unmask;
And now it's one and now another's turn
For father's aid in mastering the task,
Then, till next night the meeting doth adjourn.

And when the sire and wife are left alone,
In their arm chairs before the open grate,
Each to the other in most candid tone
The happenings of the day doth full relate,
For each the other's confidence has won;
Thus seeds of future happiness are sown
And fell mistrust and jealous shoals are shun;

Then kneeling down to God in Heaven pray
To guide them thus till their life's eourse is run;
Then in unsullied gowns themselves array
And seek their couch till morrow's rising sun.

These were thy winter seenes, fair Petoobok,
Where work and love went hand and hand in peaee
And sweet eontentment showed in every look
And manly friendship made e'en sorrow eease;
And when fell sickness entered at the door
Sweet Charity that way herself betook
And with the balm of Gilead healed the sore
And made the sting of death from thenee depart;
Where all had every need but nothing more,
And hope eternal reigned in every heart
Of bliss and peaee when mortal life was o'er.

The modernist in his o'erweening pride
Of place and power, selfishness and pelf,
Is prone the past too often to deride
And in his vanity exalt himself;
And falsely blinded with his self esteem,
He makes his Ego henee his only guide,
Denies the presenee of the All Supreme
And says the story of the Holy Word
Is naught but Israel's historie theme;
And that the Genesis of Heaven's Lord
Is but a myth, the After life a dream.

Vain earthly man, who like this would ereate
A new divinity of mortal clod
And to himself thus blindly arrogate
The all pervading attributes of God,

The lillies of the field which yearly bloom,
  The winds and tides which on man never wait,
The burning lava spat from Terra's womb,
  The seismic shock upheaving sea and land,
The stars which guide the sailor through the gloom,
  All speak of some unseen and guiding Hand,
And of another life beyond the tomb.

Think not oh man, by modern culture bred,
  That life's content is boughten by mere gold
And that because you have with Dives wed,
  Your future will be filled with joys untold;
All earthly joys have but a fleeting life,
  A moment here, another moment fled,
E'en cultured man with petty faults is rife
  And little indiscretions, happ'd when young
In laters years do often lead to strife;
  And Slander, with her cruel and venomous tongue
Doth cut far deeper than the sharpest knife.

Look down not then upon untutored man
  This free and simple dweller of the wild,
For if when his first sojourn here began
  He lived like nature, he was nature's child,
Who rose at dawn and slept with falling dew—
  Whom Sol and famed Aeolus bronzed to tan,
Whose ways uncultured seem to modern view,
  Who trod the path of life his fathers trod;
Few luxuries he had, he wanted few,
  And living true to nature and to God,
Had more of happiness than falls to you.

True earthly happiness doth not abound
Where man is discontented with his lot,
Though riches him with comforts may surround
Yet there's a want which can't by wealth be bought:
For pleasure's but a gaudy earthly toy,
A false mirage, long sought for, never found,
Which dreamy spectre, mortals doth annoy:
As miner in the hills in search for ore
Is ever onward led by some decoy,
To find at length, when weary and footsore,
The lead in quest is only poor alloy.

So he, who follows pleasure's maddening craze,
Led on by its bewitching blandishment,
Which doth his higher, saner, senses daze,
That he needs follow the enticing scent,
And, ever, more and newer pleasures crave,
Is lost within the labyrinthine maze
Of this base minotaur, where naught can save
Him from its cru'l and greedy appetite,
Till, he becomes his passion's servile slave,
Whose hunger earthly power cannot requite,
Dothfall, at last, unto some nameless grave.

But he, who tills each day his garden field
And every night enjoys a restful sleep;
Or drives at morn his cattle to the weald,
Or with his crook and dog doth mind his sheep,
Or in the spring full well his seed has sown
To reap in harvest time the goodly yield;
Who can commune with Nature when alone

And read the truths of God therein aright,
Unmoved by winds of every theory blown
To question mysteries too reconcite,
Can truly call the universe his own.

Who, of some honest work, is not afraid,
Be it of mental or of manual art,
Doth labor daily at his desk or trade
With clear and steady brain and manly heart,
Bestowing on his labour all his worth
And leaves his soul's impress on what he's made,
And yet, withal, can show a smile of mirth,
To cheer a fellow worker on his way,
Or help to brighten up some lowly hearth
By some small act of kindness done each day,
Will have his share of happiness on earth.

Like Automatic buoy near Sable Isle
Which safely guides the sailor past the bar;
Like sacred chimes of distant camponile
Which guide the weary pilgrim from afar;
Like Holy Scriptures' pilared flame of fire
Which guided Moses from the land of Nile;
Like rich and priceless dyes of Ancient Tyre
Which for that city won undying fame;
Like Ozone, which the gasping do inspire,
So is the gift of an unsullied name,
Left to the sons by every upright sire.

And now, Acadia's golden arm, adieu!
Though far from thee fate most unkindly keeps
Thy exiled son, thy waters, pure and blue,
Each summer lave the sepulchre, where sleeps

In peaceful rest, some one most dear to me,
Through all the years which did and will ensue
Since Death laid him beside thy inland sea,
And rang for me my first and saddest knell,
And man can alter not what is to be—
Until there ring my next funereal bell,
Lake of my youth, till then, farewell to thee.

A DREAM OF BOYHOOD.

(1915)

The school was ended for the day,
The pupils home had gone their way;
The teacher with accustomed care,
Did wisely next day's work prepare;
And other routine tasks pursue
As he was ever wont to do;
When lo! just glancing o'er his desk
The room assumes a form grotesque.
Again a boy in pinafore
He's standing at a farm house door,
And vainly tries to lift the latch,
But pussy hears his feeble scratch
As she is sunning on the shelf
And gladly lifts the latch herself,
And purrs with joy when he comes in
As if she knew where he had been,
For well she knows he ne'er did bilk
To bring his puss her morning milk;
Once more he plays with Tab and Tray,
In fields with summer flowers gay,

Where each in sportive toil contends
For Pussy, Tray and he are friends;
Or sits upon the floor betimes
With picture, book of nursery rhymes
And wondrous tales of olden tide
With Puss and Tray on either side;
Or listens to the peddler's talk
About the "Shepherd and His Flock."
Now on comes night and in the bogs
He hears the croaking of the frogs;
Or sitting in the open door
He looks towards the lonely shore
At Lantern Jack and Will O' Wisp,
Whose dreadful names he scarce can lisp,
Which shine with phosphorescent light
Like ghostly spirits of the night.
Again the evening prayers are said
And he is bathed and put to bed
For many hours to lie awake
Affrighted by the "Peggy Snake"
And other bogies manifold
Which in the Nursery are told,
From superstition's lore, it seems,
That children may have nightmare dreams.
And as his mind doth thus reflect
Upon the past in retrospect,
The vision in its second phase
Lays bare the scenes of school boy days.

Again with home-made reticule
He's standing at the cross road school,
The cynosure of all the boys

Who gaze at him with wondrous eyes,
While near at hand, the voices ring
Of pretty girls, a gossipping
With animated liveliness
About the latest style of dress.
The opening hour doth now arrive
And in the school the pupils hive.
There at the desk, the teacher stands
And loudly utters her commands
To him and others on the bench,
And tries, alas! in vain to quench
The sing song drone of their patois
As they con o'er the two-tum's law;
Or, seeming busy as the bees,
They wrestle with their "A. B. C.'s"
Or with great care and heart felt pains
They strive to make their "hooks and cranes,"
While at their desks, the bigger ones
Amuse themselves by writing puns,
Or, seeming to pore o'er a sum,
They wag their jaws and crack their gum,
While Willie O, a sad misfit,
With knife, he's sharpened up a bit,
Doth carve his name upon his desk,
In letters far from picturesque;
And then not satisfied with this
He does aught else that is amiss;
When, lo! the teacher doth espy
The culprit with a threat'ning eye
Who hark'ning to the summons dread
Doth forward move with snail like tread.
The teacher, without saying why,

Doth flog him with unstinted joy;
And, while she plies the golden rule,
No other sound is heard in school
Save that of the descending rod
Swayed by this female Ichabod
As it comes down with sick'ning whack,
Upon poor Willie's hands and back;
And even from his corner stool,
The poor benighted dunce-capped fool,
Doth take his eyes from off his book,
To gaze around with frighted look,
As if he feared approaching doom,
Like Lockinvar's half witted groom;
And when the blows have reached a score
Poor Willie stood behind the door
To nurse his wounds and dry his eyes,
A warning to the other boys.
And now 'tis four and school is out,
Away he flies with joyous shout
To fish down at the culvert brook,
With thread made line and crude pin hook,
Enjoying greatly this rare fun,
E'en if like Rip he catches none,
Contented there for hours to wait
And watch the fishes steal his bait,
And when they've taken all his store
'Neath logs and stones to hunt for more;
And not aware, how time has flown,
He stays there till the sun goes down,
Then scampers through the woods for home
Ere night clouds lower and darkness come.
Again he seeks the Big clear hill

At early morn when all is still,
The scented Arbutus to get
Which still with vernal showers are wet,
And climbs the pike with eager zest,
To see the swallow make his nest,
And watches at the old Bog holes
The frogs develop from tadpoles;
And whistling, wanders o'er the grig,
With whistle made from alder twig,
And in the woods, above the creek,
His chums and he play "Hide and Seek,"
Or like wild "Injuns" play and ramp
Around their rude constructed camp;
Again with song or whistling tune
He flies along in merry June
To pasture land with berries thick,
The sweet straw berry fruit to pick.
Again he cuts his kindling wood
And gives the hens and chicks their food,
And sweeps the yard with broom of boughs
And goes to pasture for the cows;
And too, with many a hearty laugh,
He watches Cherry's brindled calf,
As seemingly well pleased with things
It gambols off with hind-leg flings;
Again he hears the old horse neigh,
As in the stall he puts his hay,
Once more with back bent to a crook,
He carries water from the brook,
And other chores he doth pursue,
In school boy days he had to do.

The scene doth change, for 'tis the truth,
That quickly fly the days of youth.
And older boy with face tanned brown,
He goes to school in Lazy-town.
The long school house he sees once more
Stand as it did in days of yore:—
A low porch on the south east side,
Which a partition did divide
In double parts, as was the rule,
In many another village school
When Education's Free school rays
Did radiate in early days
And shed their beneficial light,
On many an eager proselyte.
The roll is called, and on the floor
The class extends from desk to door,
And with an everlasting drone
They read with sing song monotone,
And as they read, their bodies shake
And sway in sympathetic quake,
Led off by blue eyed Minnie Cox,
A sprightly lass with curly locks,
Who knows the lesson off by heart
And well indeed can play her part,
With chin at rest upon her book,
To watch the teacher's every look,
Who daily at the desk is seen,
With novel or with magazine.
And now the spelling hour has come,
And all the class look sad and glum,
For woe to her and woe to him,
Who spells "l-i-m-m" for limb,

Or speaks in tone of voice unheard
Or fails to syllable a word.
A one word failure goes down one,
While those below, who've failed in none,
Are glad enough to hold their own,
Nor deem themselves imposed upon.
The spelling lesson's done at last,
The Master's brow is overcast
And with his usual yawns and gapes
He loudly asks: "Who'll name the capes?"
At once the class with might and main
All loudly sing the "Cape" refrain,
Capes Blomidon and Split and d'Or,
And all the capes they have in store;
And like it were some magic jape,
They never miss a single cape;
And capes doth send a nervous thrill
Through all its living members still.
But now comes recreation time,
And for the nonce ends comic mime,
Again with appetizing munch,
He eats his plain and wholesome lunch,
With others who from far have come
And cannot go to dine at home,
Midst stories, laughs and simple jokes
For all are young and happy folks.
Some play at games of "X and O"
Or "Button, Button in a Row,"
And other games as "Shoe the Mare",
Which then were played in open air,
The bigger boys with hearty shout
Do play at "Barley In and Out,"

Or laugh at all the butts and slips
In "Leap Frog Game or Jack on Hips,"
And louder laugh when some one bumped
At once gives way and all are dumped.
Again he stands beneath the sign
That marks the old G. M. A. line
To watch the Stevenson or Bridge
Climb slowly up the incline ridge,
With trip of coal to ship at Bar,
And climbs upon the tail end car
To steal a ride to Numner Three,
Which he enjoys high cap a pie.
Again he goes all through the mill,
With Jack Cox on MacArthur's Hill,
As they fell out upon the way
When coming home from school one day,
Which after many a blow and haw
The older boys declare a draw,
And make the two make all amends.
And vow to be the best of friends.
Again his chums and he do tread
The pathway down the Doctor's Head,
To reach the Fountain's flowing rill,
And of its waters drink their fill,
A hot day's parching thirst to quell,
Their drinking cup, a mussel shell.
Or on projecting rocks they rook,
With hook made like a shepherd's crook,
And cod fish head attached to line
To coax the lobster forth to dine;
But ere a bite doth reach his maw
He's briskly hooked beneath the claw,

And quickly landed in the pot
And boiled and eaten on the spot,
With appetites made keen and rare
By breathing in the pure sea air.
Again with zeal and eager vim,
They hasten off to have their swim,
Or, sitting on the gravelly beech
They listen to the gannet's screech,
And to the sea gull's noisy cry,
As hither, thither they do fly,
And downward swoop with lighting speed,
To catch their prey with vulture greed,
Then haste away with whirling swish,
To feast upon their savory fish.
Again with overwhelming joy,
They watch the vessels sailing by
And all do promise there and then
They'd sailors be when they were men.

October days are come at last
The woods are tinged in Autumn cast.
Again, with hatchet in his hand,
He wends his way through wooded land,
Beyond the big swamp's thither edge
And builds again a rabbit hedge,
And sets a snare on every run
For trapping time is now begun;
And rises on the morrow morn
Ere orient sun doth yet adorn
The eastern sky to shed his light
On woods with autumn colors bright,
That he might do his morning chars

And visit all his rabbit snares,
And yet have time two miles to walk
And be in school at nine o'clock.
He hears again the piteous cry
Of a live rabbit hung on high,
And crue'ly caught by hinder leg,
In snare attached to toggle-peg,
Suspended from a lithe spring rod,
Above the run its fathers trod,
Since first great Nature's guardian hand
Had placed them on their virgin land
And their first safety did ptomote
Buy giving them a change of coat,
And over which they freely ran
Until they were ensnared by man.
Though by his side he has a club,
To give all such life's parting drub,
He heeds the dumb, yet plaintaive pray'r,
Thus borne upon the morning air;
For, though a creature of the wild,
Its cry seems like that of a child.
The snare is gently then unwound
He puts the rabbit on the ground,
And feels deep in his boyhood heart
That he has done a noble part.

Once more it is All Hallow-een
When ghost and witch abroad are seen;
His chums and he again play tricks
With torches borne aloft on sticks,
And even though with danger fraught
They seek some turnip garden plot,

Or try to scare some foolish swain,
By tapping on his window pane,
And seek by many another chouse,
To bring him maddenened from the house;
All these and other tricks are played,
Which here are better left unsaid.
Once more for apples doth he bob,
And tries to catch them in his gob,
And though quite often doth he duck,
He gets but sneezing for his luck.
Again he sees the maidens sup
The strong tea from a china cup,
And from the tea leaves try to see,
What like their future was to be,
Or cut the cards times manifold
To hear their fortunes there in told;
Again each girl goes o'er the hill
In silence to the haunted kiln,
To throw her little ball of yarn,
To see whose socks she was to darn;
Or sleeps with salt cake 'neath her head,
To dream of whom she was to wed,
Or breaks an egg into a glass
To see his future come to pass;
For surely in the morn she'd see
What his profession was to be.

The leaves again fall from the trees,
And ark and gloomy look the seas,
The autumn gales as oft before
Again heap seaweed on the shore;
The summer songsters all have gone,

The grouse have put their storm coats on;
The fishermen now store their boats,
The rabbits soon will change their coats;
Again the farmers haul their coal,
Again the snake crawls to his hole;
The eel again makes for the mud
The flail descends with steady thud;
The Autumn rains have come and passed,
The sky looks dark and overcast,
Again the brooks do overflow
The time is come for frost and snow,
For mother Nature ever tries
To guard her children 'gainst surprise
And spares not either time nor cost,
Christ's natal day again draws near,
That joyous season of the year,
To which doth every girl and boy,
Look forward to with heartfelt joy,
For they, for sure, know what is meant
By Christmas joy and merriment.
To guard them 'gainst the winter's frost.

Again he sees the half iced rills
And gathers club moss on the hills
With other boys, all hearts elate,
The village church to decorate;
Again the ice is on the lakes,
He cats again the Christmas cakes,
And with his jolly school boy mates
He glides across the ice on skates;
And sitting by the kitchen fire,
He hears again some hoary sire,

Relate with eager eye and tongue
How Yule-tide passed when he was young.
The night of nights at last is come
Which fills with joy each Christian home,
For Angel voices sing again
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
The goose is drest in savory stuff,
The pudding's made to boil and puff,
The Yule-log fire is placed all right,
The Christmas tree is drest and dight.
Once more when evening prayers are said,
He's bathed and robed and put to bed,
Where soon, obeying nature's laws
He sleeps and dreams of Santa Claus;
He knows the good saint always brings,
Nice toys and sweets and useful things
As round the world his way he wends
And little children are his friends;
That Santa always does his part,
For faith is strong in childhood's heart.
Once more he sees the hours pass by
And midnight time again draw nigh,
And o'er the snow the box-sleds pass,
With happy folks for Christmas mass.
The snow is spread on road and ling
And joyously the sleigh bells ring.
Again upon the midnight air
St. Joseph's bell rings sweet and fair;
He sees again the church shine bright
Before his eyes in candle light;
Once more he hears the choir sing,
Hosannas to the Christ, our King;

Again he hears the organ peal,
And sees the congregation kneel,
And Father Mac again tell them
About the Babe of Bethlehem,
In words of homely eloquence,
Then wish them all, his compliments,
And old and young each other greet,
With "Merry Christmas" when they meet,
And oh! how sweet sound in his ears,
The voices of those bygone years
And with such setting to his theme
He wakens from his pleasant dream.

PART II.

(1919)

How quickly boyhood time has run,
For high-school days are now begun
And entering on his early "teens"
Time opes his eyes to deeper scenes
Of nature's life, than was the rule
When first he entered Learning's school.
Geometry doth now entice,
And Classics hold him in her vice;
And Science from his glittering store
His mind develops more and more.
The crawling snake no more alarms,
The lowely worm hath other charms,
Then when on summer evenings cool
He fished with them at Culvert pool.

He listens oft through summer long
To note the difference in the song
Of each and every singing bird,
And names it by the suited word.
Now fields and pasture land and woods
Have added value to their goods
Than when in childhood's happy hours
He roamed through them in search of flowers

He notes the webs the spider weaves
Suspended from the rustling leaves,
To snare the many wayward flies
Watched from this lair by peering eyes.
The wasp's nest hanging from the limb
Hath other int'rest now for him
Than when with mates with loud acclaim,
With joy he played the bare-foot game,
When, having deftly plugged the door,
He bore it to the nearby shore
With hasty step o'er road and ling,
Regardless if he got a sting.
And now when walking on the beach
Does either gull or gannet's screech
As one or other passes by
Cause him to lift admiring eye;
Nor fair ships sailing on the sea
In glance more than mere moment'ry;
In star and shell fish now there lies
Attraction for his eager eyes;
The red sea-weed hath too for him,
An interest that time won't dim.
And e'en the fount at Doctor's Head

Another use hath now instead
Than that it had for him when first,
With open shell he quenched his thirst;
For now with many slides and slips
He clambers down to note the dips
Of divers stratas in the mount
Some distance o'er the rippling fount
Or further north he notes the seam
Discolored by its copp'ras stream,
And where the cliff descendeth low
The disappearing crop below.
Of pleasures past, one hath for him
The same old call — to wit, the swim.

Now when he seeks some quiet nook
An English or a Latin book
Of standard poetry or prose,
Continually with him goes,
Which eagerly he reads till late,
His plastic mind to satiate
With treasures richer far than gold,
Which 'neath the covers lie inscrolled.
Perchance it is John Milton blind,
Or Robbie Burns, so true and kind;
Or Shakespeare, poet of the wild,
Or gentle Wordsworth, nature's child;
Or "Aneid", may be in line
Or Dante's Comedy divine,
Or Ivanhoe may be his theme,
Or Coopr's Tales or Newman's Dream,
Or Hist'ry sacred or profane,
Or Travellers' Tales of lighter vein;

And if upon the morrow morn,
He rises ere the early horn
Awakes the miner from his sleep
To seek the "face" of cross or deep
In north or south of "Princess" Mine
'Tis but to wrangle with the sine
Or tangent of some problem true
Which he in school that day must do,
Or an historic sketching draw
Or chemical or physic law,
Or study how the earths revolve
Or geometric theorems solve,
For these and others are his cares
And not his quondam rabbit snares.

'Tis eight fifteen and forth he goes
Towards the School near Lower Rows,
And whether it be rain or shine
He always wins the race with nine,
E'en though between his home and school,
Lie full two miles by measured rule.
The old school stands nearby the road,
Where seeds for future crops are sowed.
(And cultured well lest weeds might grow
By goodly hand if aught I know.)
Two rooms in front; two in the rear,
The Temperance hall too, standing near,
In rough outline, the form of T
And full in view the distant sea.
And clear and well the dream repeats
The forms of school mates in their seats,
In double rows on either side

With aisles between some three feet wide,
And all arranged as suited best
Boys on the east, girls on the west.
And true to life, his dream doth trace
The features of the master's face
As at his desk in front he stands
And all the school's respect commands,
As youth or maiden has "the say"
On subject matter for the day.
He hears again in measured time,
The metre of blank verse or rhyme,
And climax and Hyperbole,
And Metaphor and Similie.
Or sees some student at the board
Expound on angle, arc or chord
Or theorem prove or problem draw
While others point out fault or flaw;
Or some historic story tell
Or Idiosyncrassy spell
Or hears Some Latin task or French
Said with an interest intense
Beneath the master's guiding rein,
Who ever tries his best to train
The hand, the heart, the tongue, the head,
The straight and narrow path to tread.
'Tis only when gray hairs appear
That we can prize a master dear,
For when in thought we look behind
Into the past, tis then we find,
Amidst the daily stress and strife,
How much of our success in life
We owe to him and how he sought

By word and act in lesson taught,
Our character to train and mould
As not to part from it when old;
Though in school days, too well I know,
To most of us it seems not so;
For we cannot, 'tis often said,
Put manly thought in boyish head.
How many wish when they are men
They had their school days o'er again.
What man would not, if he were young,
Once more heed well the master's tongue,
As all his failure of success
Is owing to this thoughtlessness.
Could he but know the master's heart,
E'en when he acts the sterner part
Of forcing discipline in school
For disobedience of some rule—
If he could know, he'd surely see
How truly kind and just is he,
Who daily like a father true,
The boy's chief interest has in view,
When urging him how well it pays
To make the best of schoolboy days,
And train his mind as then he can
As best to suit the coming man.

Blest he who heeds the master's voice,
For sure in life, he will rejoice,
With heart and well stored mind elate
An honored name in church and state.
But sad in sooth the life must be,
Of any youths who fail to see

The pitfalls which thus wait for them,
And sadder still their requiem.
Like husbandman who finds the seeds
He sows are choked with growing weeds,
Such boys will find when they are old
They'll reap the dross but not the gold.
In full detail the vision cast
This panorama of the past,
With each event in full array
Just as it were but yesterday;
And then the mirror of those years
In fleeting setting disappears.

PART III.
(1917)

One day, this year, with eager ken
I walked these dear old paths again,
The big road way along the wood,
I trod to where the old house stood,
The whole road easily I found
And stood once more on hallowed ground.
How could my feet lead me astray
Though from it many years away,
Though road and cell are covered o'er
I surely knew where hung the door,
Round which I played with Puss and Tray
On many a lovely summer day,
And thinking of those bygone years,
I scarcely could keep back the tears;
And thus I had the time, at last,

To view the present in the past,
And now in writing will I tell
The words as from my lips they fell,—
"I see across the creek and pond
The noisy moving cars beyond,
Rush swiftly over shore and beach,
Once troubled but by gannet's screech;
And where was once well wooded land
I see the town of Florence stand.
A chimney belches forth its smoke,
From furnace fed with coal or coke,
The waters of the pond, once clear,
From soot and slag look dark and drear;
No white wings o'er its surface skim,
Nor youth nor maidens in it swim,
The point is shrunk to half its size
As it lies there before my eyes,
When measured by my vision's scale,
As twice before in August gale;
The rose trees too, are almost gone,
Neath which I sat my clothes to don,
And their sweet nectar also sip
When I had had my morning dip;
The islet rock which stubbed my toes
Above the waves no longer shows;
And though the pond has larger flood
No eels seek cover in its mud,
And chuckles now no longer breed
The sea bird's hungry maw to feed;
The smelt is now no longer caught
For in its waters life is not;
No yellow legs around it roam;

No waders dip into its foam,
No hare or squirrel now is seen
Among the trees or on the green,
To other haunts long since they've run
For safety from the miner's gun;
Where mating bird's sweet songs were heard
I scarcely hear a cooing word,
For summer songsters too, are fled,
To safer seats from fear and dread;
The croak by night of lonely frog
Alone is heard the ear to jog;
Where once Jack Lantern shed his light,
The engine's head-light glareth bright,
Where heaven's patines cast their sheen
Electric fairies now are seen.

The school road path I yet can trace
Though time has tried it to efface
By changing many a known mark
Which once I knew e'en after dark,
And twining limbs obstruct the view
And it is crossed by pathways new;
The cradle hill I scarcely know
Since trees around are all laid low,
Nor is the old railroad the same
And time alone is not to blame,
Since homing men have here bought lots
And cut the old road trough in spots,
And all the dump has been removed
That roads elsewhere might be improved.

The path which leads to Oram's road
O'er which with joy I often strode
On summer evenings long ago
For pleasant chat with master "O"
Which yesterday I walked again
Is just about the same as then.
Just half way down this path once stood
A comely tree of useful wood
Full twenty feet without a limb,
And tall and straight, and neat and trim,
Which did forsooth one heart elate,—
Sad was indeed the pine tree's fate.
Last eve we dined with Tom and Will;
When other tongues were hushed and still,
And we had just begun to dine
Tom told the story of the Pine.
He said "that Will and Jim and he
Laid longing eyes on that pine tree
When e'er they chanced to pass its way,
Which longing grew from day to day,
For, once the appetite is wet,
'Tis hard the Tempter to forget;
And though they struggled, for a while,
To close their eyes, the Tempter's guile,
Just as it did with mother Eve,
If we Tom's version can believe,
O'ercame their scruples, sad to tell,
And to the Tempter's bait they fell.
Like other sons of fallen man
They set their heads to make a plan;
Now Tom, two younger brothers had
Whom well he knew would be too glad,

If furnished with a dull old axe
To fell that tree with deadly hacks,
And, e'er they used up all their strength
To cut three block of certain length,
So each might have a trim sail boat,
For well they knew how pine doth float.
The tree was felled and rightly pieced,
The Axe-boys had the labor ceased,
And resting on the ground, they lay
Like woodmen when awaiting pay,
When lo! both of them did espy,
A man approach with fiery eye,
Who held a whip high o'er his head,
Which filled the culprits' hearts with dread,
They fled for home without the axe.
Nor did their effort ever lax
The sprint, with which it did commence
Until they crossed the school-road fence,
Where they lay down to hide and rest
With watchful eyes towards the west.
Soon, thinking all the danger past
They sneaked into the house at last.
Not so the framers of the plot
Who lay concealed quite near the spot,
Tom, now appearing on the scene
With seeming unpretending mien,
Appearance to his visage lent
Expressive of astonishment
Of something far beyond belief
That e'en a forest ranging thief
Should dare commit such injury
As that upon a virgin tree;

Forthwith his generous aid he gave
The balance of the tree to save,
The master, grateful for the lift,
Gave him two pieces as a gift,
The former gone, the other two
Their secret covert did eschew,
And with the spoils unto their camp
The noble trio did decamp
And placed inside, the wished for store,
Then, left, first having locked the door.
The leading actor of the play
Was slowly wending on his way
Towards the school road fence, when lo!
Like one who meets with deadly foe,
Or great emotional surprise,
He stopped and turned with opened eyes,
And said in thought, to leave no clue,
A different path must I pursue;
He, hesitation from him shook,
The way across the hill he took;
Nor did he ever hesitate
Until he oped the barnyard gate;
Then striding onward as before
He entered at the kitchen door,
And thereupon he told a tale,
Which turned his brothers sickly pale;
As from his lips the phrases rolled
Their feet and hands grew deadly cold:
Too late, to see the stratagem,
They knew what was in store for them;
Suffice it is for me to say,
They both, that night, received their pay,

Though not in money of the realm
Which did their spirits overwhelm;
Their father, as a man of God,
Spoiled not the child, nor spared the rod,
But payment to them both did mete
In full upon their honored seat,
Which did the culprits' manners mend."
This brings Tom's story to its end.

The old pond bridge is cast aside,
A breast work 'gainst the wind and tide
To save the new, and hence it stays
A land mark of my childhood days,
For man, a creature of resource
Has slightly changed the road bed's course,
The railway dump, his own, he made,
Reducing it to lower grade.
The gut o'er which Joe's scow once ran,
Is bridged now by a concrete span;
The treasure holes behind the bank
By monk and other trovers sank
In search of Kidd's or Bluebird's gold,
And such like Bucaneers of old
Without a light near a midnight hour
And driven off by unseen power,
Scarce had that spirit hour began,
No longer meet the eye of man;
The waters of the Pond now lave
The ghostly guard beneath the wave
And hence today needs not, I ween,
Around the midnight hour be seen,
To fill poor souls with dire affright,

Who hap to be abroad at night;
Besides, within the ghostly view,
Two lighted windows welcome you;
And who's not heard that trite remark,
Ghosts hate the light and love the dark.
And oft to me have men averred
That ghosts were seen and spirits heard,
Around and near these haunted holes,
Where pots and chests of old pistoles
And big doubloons and bars of gold
And other treasures manifold
Lie, guarded by a headless youth,
Whom Kidd and others had, for sooth,
Prevailed upon to watch the store
Until they had returned with more;
And, when the fatal "yes" was said
With cutlass stroke cut off his head,
And ever since with naked sword
By night he stands to guard the hoard,
And some, at times would even tell
They'd seen the headless sentinel.
With beating heart and bated breath
I've often passed these scenes of death
In boyhood days when I was sent
To Corbett's store when day was spent,
And deadly darkness settled down
Ere yet I had returned from town,
And not until I'd climbed the dump,
Did my heart throbs e'er cease their thump.
Not then, nor since to manhood grown,
Have I the sentry seen or known.
The ghostly spell these yarns once cast,

Upon my youth has long since passed,
But yet their magic hath for me
A greater charm than verity.

I walk to'ards town again today
And cross the new bridge on my way,
The way, though new, to me is old,
For many times o'er it I strolled
On summer eves when zephyrs blew
And Sol my shadow sidelong threw;
Midway I pause and full in view
I see the old bridge from the new.
In school-boy days when district Four
Embraced the Sydneys and Bras d'Or,
No other bridge received such care
For it was ever in repair;
Though not by pirates left behind,
A fortune's there, that none will find.
Out where the island used to be
Naught but the rolling waves I see;
And as my eyes range further east
I note the bridge has changed the least.
I cross the bridge and wander on
And come where once lived Paulus John;
The house is gone, the household fled,
And John himself long since is dead;
And though by some remembered not
Full well I know where stood his cot;
And reminiscent I recall
The merry nights spent in his hall,
When all the boys had gathered in
And Charlie played the violin

And there upon the kitchen floor,
We danced a plain set or a tour;
Or seated round the open grate
On daily topics did debate;
Or hear poor Matty sing once more,
His song about "the live long oar;"
Or John himself would tell us why
Poor Malcolm needed help to die;
Or in a pleasing vein and mode,
Tell stories of the Gilhome road,
Where in his manhood's early life
He sought and wooed and won his wife,
And proudly tell, 'tween puffs ot smoke,
The languages which Lizzie spoke—
That English, Gaelic too, and French
Were spoken by this black-eyed wench,
With equal ease and fluency
When first he paid her courtesy,
Though then a girl in early teens,
Her father be'ng a man of means;
To cap the whole, with swelling breast
He'd tell the story of the "Chest;"
And Tom, before we'd leave our host
Would tell the story ot the Ghost,
And, as its weirdness wended higher,
Our host moved nearer to'ards the fire,
Till scarcely could he stand the heat,
Yet no detail would Tom delete
But nightly trom his ghostly store
Add something new of bloody gore
To fill poor John with dreadful scare
And leave him rooted to his chair,

To pass the dreary hours of night,
Expectant of the coming sprite.
And down along the old Pond road,
Where once two families abode,
Almost obscured by wooded green,
A lively hamlet now is seen;
The railroad crossing meets my eye
And motor cars go wheeling by;
And where we oft met Jimmie's cart
An auto honk gives me a start,
For here it was in boyhood years
The bridge filled us with ghostly fears.
The spot where once the school house stood
Is grown o'er with scrubby wood;
I look around, but vain the quest,
To find the haunt of swallows' nest.
Down Phalen's road again I tread,
Where oft with apples was I fed,
No distance have I gone, before
I see the slopes of number Four.
Once more along the path I trek
Which seaward runs along Con's Creek,
And though the path is sometimes crossed,
Not for a moment am I lost,
For I had passed at even cool
O'er it too often from the school,
With others of the barefoot troupe
With laughter, song or noisy whoop,
All full of life and boyish glee,
To lose my way through fallen tree.
The culvert brook, alas, I see
Is not the brook that used to be;

The hill on which I threw my bag
Is covered o'er with slate and slag;
The culvert old, unlike the new,
A lovely arch the whole way through
Was built of well made seasoned brick,
The latter's made of concrete thick;
The spot at which we used to fish,
Is fallen in and all, oh pish!
I climb the bank, the wind abaft,
And think of Alex, and his raft,
From which as boys we used to swim,
And of the day I rescued him;
I wend along the railway line
In search of some familiar sign;
A few beech trees adorn the way
Though most of them are cut away;
The stones across the deep divide
By which I cross from side to side,
To me, today, for certain, seem
The same as when I crossed the stream
In school boy days to leave no clue
When Coxes' homestead came in view,
For we had run away from school,
And hence were frightened of the rule;
The opening of the old coal slope
Comes too within my vision's scope;
Outside of these and of the spring
I scarcely recognize a thing
Today to me that seems the same
As when I played the barefoot game."

ODE TO MARCH.
(1918)

Well thou deserv'st the war god's name
Oh March, thou tertiary of the year!
For not another month can claim,
Such winds as thine, so shrill and drear,
And thus it often seems to me
That Mars, himself did so ordain
Thy mood, ungentle and austere,
That thou would'st both on land and main
His stormy petrel be.

And though thy bleak winds did, oh March,
Oft bring the tear drops to mine eye
And often, too, my lips did parch
As, in my school days, I did ply
My footsteps, morn and eve, each day
Along the cold, unsheltered road,
Against thy wings so strong and high,
Yet they to me were but a goad
To urge me on my way.

And, too, I can remember still
The many mornings, long ago,
I wended to'ards the maple hill
O'er paths of firm and crusted snow
Like creature of the forest, free,
To get the sweet delicious sap
From birchen basket hung below
The crudely shapened wooden tap
Attached to maple tree.

And often in my later days
My eager footsteps me betook
By many well known winding ways
Towards the noisy babbling brook,
To watch the Pussy Willows peep—
Those harbingers of coming spring,
Within some warm and sheltered nook,
Above their winter covering,
From their refreshing sleep.

As nature made thee what thou art
With biting breath, so sharp and rude,
And can'st not from thy ways depart
Since thou did'st not affect thy mood,
It therefore clearly seems to me
Since man's sojourn on earth began,
That he has shown ingratitude
Towards his fellow creature, man,
More bitter far than thee.

Besides, despite the noisy strum,
Of thy winds high and shrilly mode,
With thee the equinox doth come
Which warmer weather doth forebode:
And so I therefore now design,
And dedicate here to thy praise,
Oh March, this simple homely ode,
And more, among thy natal days
The second one is mine.

ODE TO SPRING.

(1918)

Oh vernal season ot the year,
When onwards to'ards the Heav'nly Twins,
Old Sol, the vet'ran charioteer,
His course through Aries first begins;
Now stronger wax his radiant rays
As arc on arc he mounts the sky;
And longer daily grow the days
While softer now the breezes sigh;
And winter's snow melts on the hills
And flows towards the brooks in ever babbling rills.

Then April comes with changing mood,
And calmer grow the troubled seas;
And waterfowl begin to brood,
And buds to ope upon the trees;
Now goddess Flora doth preside
Throughout our rich and virgin land
O'er ling and vale and mountain side,
And, at her just and wise command,
Doth every blade and tree and flower
Awake from winter's sleep at the appointed hour.

The fishermen now paint their boats,
And other fishing gear prepare;
The blue bird's clear and cheery notes
Are heard upon the morning air;
The cattle have to pasture gone,

The sheep are grazing by the shore;
And Chanticleer at early dawn,
Crows louder at the hen coop door;
The buds are op'ning into leaves
And swallows build their nests beneath projecting eaves.

The farmer ploughs his stubble ground,
And haw or gee now is his word,
For Mary's month is now come round
And "Farmer, Sow the Wheat," is heard,
And summer birds upon the wing,
Begin to come, for nature boon
Tells them that on the heels of spring
Doth come the merry month of June;
And soon the wood notes of their lays
Will charm both old and young through our long summer days.

Oh spring! to me thou dost beget
Again the days I sought in youth,
For Arbutus and violet
In Flora's free and bounteous booth,
For oft since then my way I took,
Into her rich and hallowed ground,
To read in Nature's treasured book,
The wondrous truths which there abound,
Though life for me is past its spring,
And gone are many hopes which once were blossoming.

Yet though for me life's spring is past,
And summer sands will soon be run,
And clouds my autumn may o'er cast,
Before will set my winter's sun,
How ever dark the clouds of night
May gather round my struggling soul,
I know there is a shining Light
To guide me surely to the goal
Of rest, where reigns eternal spring—
That promised Paradise where saints and angels sing.

THE SONNET.

(1916)

Oh sonnet writer who-so-e'er you are
Be sure your Octave follow well the rule
In rhyme and metre the Italian School,
But in the Sestet you can wander far
If you, the closing couplet always bar;
Yet if you bask in Shakespeare's limpid pool.
You'll not expose yourself to ridicule,
Nor will you in the least your sonnet mar
If you elegiacs of it will make
And round it off with rhyming couplet rare;
But should you follow in John Milton's wake
Or that of gentle Wordsworth, Nature's heir;
If such like form you'd have your sonnet take
The rhyming couplet will be wanting there.

EDITH CAVELL.
(1916)

Dear martyred maid, thy cruel death hath thrilled
With loathing deep the whole of human kind
Against the Hun who thy death sentence signed;
Thy barb'rous death all manly hearts hath filled
With feelings such as never can be stilled;
In every home thy name is hence enshrined,
Thy death scene pictured clear in every mind
In thy life's blood, the murd'rous Hun hath spilled
Angelic maid, could we but lift the veil
Which hides from mortal eyes God's holy land
With Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale,
Thy wounded temple with a filet bound,
With harp in hand, thy head with glory crowned,
Amid'st the heavenly choir we'd see thee stand.

TO CARDINAL MERCIER.
(1916)

Illustrious shepherd of the Prince of Peace,
With priestly zeal you watched thy Belgian fold,
And aye performed its duties manifold,
That love and virtue did therein increase,
And want and sorrow all the while surcease,
While Christian culture her rich page enrolled
Heroic men and women chaste to mould;
The cross, thy sceptre, and the crook, thy creese:
But when the robber Hun assailed thy flock,
Then stood you forth, the patriot and priest,
With clarion call to champion the right,
And met the onset of the Prussian beast
And all the hosts of his embattled might,
Firm and immovable, as Zion's rock.

LOUVAIN.
(1914)

Renowned Louvain, fair Belga's cultured seat,
Symbolic of a nation's high ideals,
Where men of many lands were wont to meet
In friendly combat for thy treasured seals,
Man deeply grieves that thou art hence bereft
Of all thy volumes rare, thy classic halls
And works of art, and now hast nothing left
But ancient fame and charred and crumbling walls:
Oh fairest city of the Belgic plain,
Storehouse of priceless manuscript and art,
Sure shalt thou rise from out thy ruins again,
And be once more the busy tradesman's mart,
But naught on earth can e'er to thee restore
The peerless treasures thou did'st have before.

Man's gen'rous heart is likely to forgive
The cruel deeds of this most ruthless war,
But deeds like thine are of the kind to live
And make the world the Kaiser's name abhor;
The scholar from o'er seas in after years,
Who tours thy land its famous scenes to see,
Will gaze on thee, his eyes bedimmed with tears,
So deeply moved will his emotion be;
The peasant too well hear from his grand sire
The cause of thy unjust and cruel fate,
And surely will it set his heart on fire
With feelings of antipathy and hate,
Ane ever will his passions rise in flame
At mention of this new Attila's name.

RHEIMS.
(1918)

Historic Rheims, annointed Gothic shrine,
To man made dear by Joan, warrior maid,
How sad to think that all thy art divine
Should thus be ruined, that War's fierce game be played!
No more through glass of rosy tinted dye
Will heaven light up transcept, aisle and nave,
Illuminating forms on altars high,
And shine on roof in lines of billowy wave;
No more within thy portals now will stand
On guard the forms of saintly sentinels
To cheer the good, the bad to reprimand;
No more at morn and noon and night, thy bells
Shall ring from belfrey through pelucid air
The Angelus to call a world to prayer.

Oh fairest gem of all the Gothic art,
At mention of thy name what thoughts arise—
And thus to think thy glory should depart
And never more reflect the vaulted skies;
Which e'er was wont for centuries to cast
A halo round the world, who would have thought
That work like thine of genius now long past
By cultured man should have its ruin wrought;
If it be true thou'rt ruined beyond repair
And modern skill thy grandeur can't restore,
Then Sculpture needs must sicken in despair,
And Painting wield her magic brush no more,
And Culture, whom thou did'st so oft elate
Grow ill at heart when thinking of thy fate.

SHAKESPEARE.
(1916)

Illustrious bard, whose sweetest wood notes wild
Since boyhood days inspired my plastic mind,
And deep within my heart thy name enshrined:
How many pleasant hours, since when a child,
In school I won thy plays have I beguiled,
Away with Portia or with Rosalind
In Belmont or in Ardens, quite resigned,
With such companions thus to be exiled!
Thou genius, made of many minds in one
Whose wondrous works to ages did impart
Poetic gems to teach the old and young
On every land and sea beneath the sun,
And sang for us in thy sweet English tongue,
The divers passions of the human heart,

THE BLIGHTED OAK.
(1914)

I sat beneath an aged oak,
'Twas twisted, old and dry,
In reverie to me it spoke
Of its life history.

Sad was the tale it told to me
Of lovers lowly laid,
As I sat there in reverie,
Beneath its scanty shade.

'Twas in the days of olden tide,
When oaks grew straight and strong,
And every hill and valley side
With them were overhung.

I was a sturdy sapling then,
A beautiful young tree;
And maidens, matrons, boys and men,
Oft stood to gaze on me.

Here, often too, did lovers sit
For hours in love's young dream,
For love forgets that hours do flit,
Far quicker than they seem.

One summer eve there stood just where
Yourself are sitting now
A bronzed cheeked youth and damsel fair
Of sweet seraphic brow.

The youth! he was a sturdy wight,
Well clad in khaki brown;
Ah me! He was such winsome knight,
As maid would call her own.

The maid, bewitching little elf,
Was robed in nature's green;
I wis she even thought herself,
That she was nature's queen.

The sun was low in western sky,
And on came twilight gray;
And Zephyrs sottly in did sigh,
The witching hour of day.

How straight and beautiful it grows,
She cried in ecstasy;
The youth did look, but Nature knows
He did not gaze on me.

And here at Cupid's deft command,
That pleasant summer eve,
They pledged their troth, both heart and hand,
This Adam and this Eve.

Though years have past, I see e'en now
The lovelight in their eyes,
As they their mutual love did vow,
The love, that never dies.

To me it seemed the same, as when
Our Adam made his choice,
And like what muses tell of them
These talked in love's sweet voice.

And even yet I hear him say,
How true he'd be through life,
And ask her name the happy day
That she'd become his wife.

Here too they planned their cottage neat,
All furnished cosily,
An earthly paradise retreat,
Where nought but love should be.

And many lovely summer eves,
These lovers passed this way,
Till Autumn came with changing leaves
And woods with colors gay.

At length, as Autumn days wore on,
The lovers stood the last
Time there, and soft the hunter's moon,
O'er them its radiance cast.

Methought I heard the maiden say
As they went down the road,
Some omen tells me that this day
Our parting does forebode.

Then winter came, and chill and cold
And wild did north winds blow,
And every hill and vale and wold
Were coated white with snow.

And while the wintry winds did moan,
The lovers passed not here;
But though I thus was left alone
Strange sounds were in my ear.

The roar of guns, the groan of men,
The screech of bursting shells
Were heard at first by me, and then,
Weird sounds like funeral bells.

And then when Vernal time did come
And birds began to sing,
And gladsome life began to hum,
From Nature's pent up spring.

And April showers did beget,
On fallow and on hill,
The arbutus and violet
With scent the air to fill.

And winter buds had grown apace
And into leaflets blown,
One morning to the trysting place
The maiden came alone,

And she had grown so pale and wan,
Since last I saw her pass,
And looked so sad, poor little fawn,
I scarcely knew the lass,

And thus, I thought, what change of clime,
Made her, who was so glad,
In such a little space of time,
So pale and strangely sad?

But I was not in pensive mood
Left thinking long in doubt,
For scarcely had the maiden stood,
When opening her coat,

She took a locket from her breast,
With tears unclasped the case;
And to her lips it fondly prest
While grief suffused her face.

Then called aloud, "my soldier boy"
And fierce her breast did beat,
And with a wild unearthly cry
Fell fainting at my feet.

Long prostrate on the ground she lay,
This broken hearted child,
And when she rose at close of day,
Her look was woful wild.

These words I heard just as I had,
From reverie awoke:
"The shell that killed her soldier lad
Made me a blighted oak."

A VISION OF BOYHOOD.

When the evening sun has departed
And gray twilight to darkness declined
And the sky as it looks to my vision
With the purest of pearls seems entwined,
It is then that I muse on my boyhood,
And a train of past thoughts come to mind.

And these thoughts take me back to the places,
Where I often had roamed when a boy,
To the warm sunny hills in the wildwood
Which by Nature were made to decoy
The rich and sweet scented May flowers,
Which so often had filled me with joy.

And I wander again through the meadows,
And I list to the summer bird's tune,
And I gather the bright wilding flowers,
To entwine me a pretty festoon,
And my heart feels as light and as joyous
As a boy with his first picayune.

And I frolic and romp with my playmates,
With my brothers and sisters and Tray,

And no words can picture my gladness
As I toss 'mong the newly mown hay,
But alas! those sweet days of one's boyhood
Ever pass but too swiftly away.

And I hear the low voice of my mother,
Sound again silver toned in my ears,
As I kneel to her knees when 'tis bed-time,
To repeat after her my night prayers;
Or with head lowly laid on my pillow,
Hear her lull me to sleep from all cares.

And I seem to again hear my father
Tell the stories he often me told,
Of the Prophets, the Saviour and Wisemen,
And the wonderful heroes of old,
And the muses, and sculptors and painters
Who all lived in the ages of gold.

And I hear too the voice of a granny
From the fabulous stock of her store,
Tell of legends, of witches and banshee,
And the old and the new world folk lore,
And the strenuous deeds which our sires,
Had to do in the brave days of yore,

All too quickly doth pass such a vision,
Of the tide of our boyhood's sweet stream,
For the mind can recall in its fullness,
The associate parts of a theme
And will mirror them clearly before us
With the fast fleeting speed of a dream.

THE BARD OF AYR.
(1915)

Oh come sweet muse, with well tuned lyre,
On this our Robbie's natal day,
A rustic poet's mind inspire
That he may sing a homely lay.

Of all the warblers ever born,
I dearly love the bard of Ayr,
Whose lovely songs both night and morn,
Have freed my wearied mind from care.

If fault he had, 'twas nature's fault,
And man, beware that you have none,
Before you do yourself exalt,
To cast at Robbie Burns a stone.

I wish he was with us tonight,
To pass a pleasant hour or two,
And fill all hearts with rare delight,
As he was ever wont to do.

Methinks e'en now I see him sit
The centre of an eager throng,
And hear his ceaseless flow of wit,
Or words of some soul stirring song,

His lovely songs will e'er be sung,
And greener grow his memory,
'Mong people whether old or young,
Till father Time has ceased to be.

THE SOUL OF FLANDERS.
(1916)

The chimes that oft from old Malines,
Rang out their sacred strain,
At morning, noon and eventide,
Shall never ring again;
The voice that called the living,
Or sadly mourned the dead,
Is still and silent now for aye:
The soul of Flanders' fled.

The peasant at his daily toil,
Shall listen now in vain,
From early morn till evening,
To hear those chimes again;
But never shall such silver sounds
By harmony inbred,
Fall on his ever listening ears;
The soul of Flanders' fled.

Those lovely chimes, which e'er were wont
To sound with morn's first beams,
And 'wake the tourist from his sleep,
Will haunt his waking dreams;
But never more those dulcet sounds
Will rouse him from his bed,
And fill his soul with ecstasy:
The soul of Flanders' fled.

'Tis strangely sad such chimes as those,
Which seemed a heavenly dow'r,
Should fall a prey to tyranny,
And war's barbaric pow'r,

A city new will rise again
Up from its ashen bed,
But those old chimes shall ring no more:
The soul of Flanders' fled.

THE GARDENS.

(1914)

Lovely Gardens, Eden's bower,
Lovely in sunshine and shower,
Winding walks and shaded seats,
Babbling streams and cool retreats,
Flowing fountains throwing spray,
O'er the fishes at their play,
Geese and ducklings in the pond,
By the white swan chaperoned,
Grassy plots well trimmed and neat,
Decked with flowers, gay and sweet,
Trees and shrubs so sweetly blending
All its beauties never ending;
Fit place for the aged to talk
And the babes to learn to walk;
Wandering swains and straying madams,
Modern Eves and modern Adams;
Place where friend a friend may meet;
Lovers here each other greet,
And a groom and summer bride
On their honeymoon abide.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

(1914)

Hail beauteous flower of the glade,
The trailing Arbutus,
With gems of pink and white inlaid,
Spring's bounteous gift to us!

Thy leaves attached by pedicels
Are round and trim and neat;
Thy belled corolla scents the dells,
With fragrance, rare and sweet.

Thou art our Scotia's rarest one,
The peer of all our flowers;
And lookest lovely in the sun,
And lovelier after showers.

I oft recall in early days
When I was but a boy,
How well I loved on thee to gaze,
So pretty and so coy.

For thou wert ever dear to me,
And in these days of old,
I sought the hills in search of thee,
As miner seeks for gold.

And now a man, I love thee still,
And, when your month comes round,
I hunt the woods from hill to hill
Wherever thou art found.

For me, your beauty's ever rare,
Your charm can never cease;
For well I know that Flora fair,
Made you her masterpiece.

SHELLS.
(1916)

When I save up a few bucks by hook or by crook,
And haste to a bookstore to buy me a book;
When I ask the sales girl for the latest on file,
She sweetly will say with a sale selling smile,
While her breast with the pride of a patriot swells,
'Tis Lloyd Georges' Treatise On The Making of Shells.

When I go to Green Market on Saturday morn,
'Tis then I regret that I was ever born;
For, once where the stalls were all stocked with things green,
Now not a sole solitary green's to be seen
When I ask an old woman what is it she sells,
She, smiling, will say, "Sir, I am selling shells."

When I hasten to dine at my wonted cafe,
Where now I've been dining for many a day;
While the scroll written menu I eagerly eye,
My shell shivers sadly at the soul shocking cry,
While the cuisine sends forth the most savory smells
"One order of shell fish with salad on shells."

When I go to the church on the blest Sunday eve,
Where I fondly expect some relief to receive
From the nervous upset of a strenuous week;
I just fall asleep when the parson does speak,
And awakens me out of the sweetest of spells,
By his soul stirring sermon on sinners' hard shells.

When I go to my bed for a much needed sleep,
An uncanny feeling doth over me creep;
And I dream I am in that etherial place,
When a fiendish spook with a horrid grimace,
Loudly cries from the midst of his sulphurous smells:
"You shall not sleep here, if you cannot make shells.'

Chorus.
It's shells of gun cotton and shells of lyddite,
And shells which by fuse or percussion ignite,
And shells for Howitzers and quick firing guns,
And shells for the Allies to shoot at the Huns,
At the home, at the club, at the shop, on the street,
'Tis shells is the pass word for all whom you meet,
And louder and louder the melody wells,
For everybody is now singing "Shells."

THE MAN WHO'S NEEDED MOST TODAY.
(1916)

It's the man who will recruit,
When he's practised how to shoot,
And knows how to use the cold steel in the fray,
Who will never leave his guns,
E'er be captured by the Huns,—
He's the man who's truly needed most today.

And the man who can keep well
In a suffocating smell,
When he's fighting in the trenches night and day;
And the man who'll safely pass
Through a cloud of chlorine gas,—
He's the man who's truly needed most today.

And the man who's learned to fly,
In an aeroplane on high,
And can drive the baby killers all away;
And who in his airy spins
Can bombard the Zeppelins,—
He's the man who's truly needed most today.

And the man with a machine,
To prevent a submarine,
From torpedoing a ship upon the sea;
And the man who can design,
How to sink a floating mine,—
He's the man who's truly needed most today.

So learn, you, how to fly,
Or to shoot a true bull's eye
Or these deadly chlorine gases to assay,
Or discover how to cope.
With the dreaded periscope
For you're needed in the firing line today.

THE BATTLE OF FALKLAND.
(1914)

The fleet of Von Spee had been breasting the sea
And had won a sea fight off the coast of Chile
Which gladdened the heart of the whole Junker band
For they thought they were lords of the sea and the land;
And the Kaiser's proud heart was so filled with delight,
That he toasted the day and he toasted the night,
And there rose in the trenches from Yser to Meuse,
A salvo of cheering at hearing the news.

To grim old John Bull of great naval renown,
Who always regarded the sea as his own,
The loss of the Monmouth and of the Good Hope,
Had not been foretold him in his horoscope,
So he took up his snuff case of excellent buff,
And a few pinches snuffed he of that soothing stuff,
Then he said to himself as he sat in his den—
"There'll be no German cheering when we meet again."

This signal he flashed then to adm'ral Sturdee,—
"I want you to find me this crafty Von Spee,
For he and his crew and the Kaiser himself,
Have been crowing too much of their ill-gotten pelf,
We've allowed him too long our good ships to beguile,
So seek him and fight him in true sailor style,"
As he said this, he added, "I'll teach Kaiser Bill
That we and not he rule the old ocean still."

And Sturdee at once did obey the command
And sped o'er the sea to the isles of Falkland,
The true Nelson spirit shone out of his eye,
When Von Spee's fleet of cruisers he first did descry,
Which forthwith he pummelled with shot and with shell,
Which rang for the Germans their funeral knell
For of all of their squadron that fought on that day
The fast speeding Dresden alone got away.

Here's health to king Georgie and our gallant tars
The boys in the trenches, those true sons of Mars,
A bumper to Jackson and the Lords of the sea,
And three times a bumper to gallant Sturdee;
Yet while this last sea fight all our hearts does elate,
Let us not forget Craddock and his gallant crew's fate.
Who now toss with tangle beneath ocean's wave,
And sleep their last sleep in the berth of the brave.

LANGEMARC.

(1915)

Sleep on ye brave Canadians
In Langemarc's blood stained mead,
Your glorious act will ever rank
A truly golden deed,
Sleep on with Frank and Briton
And Belgian, side by side,
Sleep ye and they your last long sleep,
The last roll call to bide.

And mother nature, gentlest nurse,
Will ever nightly lave
Your lowly grave with kindly dews
While weeping willows wave;
And kindly zephyrs every day,
And every night will sigh,
A sweet memoriam for aye,
Your tomb to sanctify.

And Belgian maids and matrons, too
Will often leave the loom
To gather wilding flowers,
To beautify your tomb;
And peasants when they pass your way,
Oft to their sons will say:
'Twas here the brave Canadians
The fierce Huns held at bay."

And when the Angel Gabriel,
Shall sound the trumpet blast,
Then you shall all awaken
From your seeming death at last,
And, standing at attention,
While angel voices sing,
In unison you will salute,
The universal King.

THE MERCY SHIP.
(1914)

God speed our mercy ship,
Guard her o'er ocean's dip,
  God speed her on;
Speed her across the wave,
Her and her crew so brave,
And homeless people save,
  God speed her on.

She carries gifts in store
From Nova Scotia's shore;
  God lead her on.
To those across the sea,
Who suffer misery
From Kaizer's tyranny,
  God lead her on.

At loving Mercy's call,
Nobly responded all,
  Hearts all aflame,
To give was happiness
To Belgium in distress,
Who hence will always bless
  Our Scotia's name.

And may war soon be o'er,
And Belgium come once more,
  Unto her own.
But if the Dove on wing,
The olive branch do bring,
Or not, we'll gladly sing,
  God's will be done.

TO BELGIUM.

(1914)

Brave descendant of the Belgae,
All the world hails thee today,
For your brave defence of Liege,
Where you held the Hun at bay,
And your gallant stand for freedom,
Universal plaudits won,
Which shall ever live in story
Passing down from sire to son.
Deeds like yours are sometimes needed,
To make haughty tyrants quake,
And their overweening glory
And their grasping power shake.
Little thought the mighty Kaizer,
When he started on the Spree,
That he would from Little Belgium,
Meet with his Thermopylae;
Like the kings of Ancient Persia,
Kaizer William seeks command,
Over every man and nation
On the sea and on the land;
They demanded earth and water
From the nations, passing through,
He, a servile ultimatum,
In his madness, sent to you,
Like the Greek's reply to Persia,—
Salamis and Marathon,
So will all the world remember
How you stayed the greedy Hun;

When the fighting is all over
And its story has been told,
Yours will ever be regarded
Truly as a deed of gold.

THE BATTLE OF HELIGOLAND.
(1914)

One early morn in August,
In Bight Heligoland
The Kaiser's fleet of cruisers,
Sailed saucily and grand.

Their crafty old commander,
A fitting time had found,
To steal a march on Britain,
For fog hung thick around.

So having called his captains,
To meet in counsel grave,
To them, he there unfolded,
His plan to rule the wave.

His captains quickly acquiesced,
For Prussians were they,
And filling full their glasses
They drank unto the day.

The cruisers, trimmed for action,
Moved proudly o'er the brine.
Imperial Eagles waving
Above the battle line.

But if the German captains,
As needs must be believed
Thought, John to find unready,
They were quickly undeceived.

For Tyrwhitt, Moore and Christian,
And Goodenough and Keyes,
And gallant sailor Beatty,
Were watching on the seas.

And eagerly awaiting,
The Huns to come outside,
Half hoping and half doubting,
They did the time abide.

And falling on the Teutons,
They smote them, might and main,
As does an August hail storm,
A field of waving grain.

For John yet shoots his billiards,
With Drake and Nelson's cue
And made the Hun seek cover
Within his rendezvous.

The Kaizer and his Junkers,
Are filled with grief and rage,
And hence must have Von Tirpitz,
Some other Act to stage.

And since the day of losing,
Heligoland's sea fight,
They cannot drink unto the day
They needs must toast the night.

COURCELETTE.
(To the 25th)
(1916)

Early on an Autumn morning,
Facing famous Courcellette,
Lay the Twenty-fifth battalion,
In the trenches, damp and wet,
Far away from home and kindred,
Near the far tamed river Somme,
Here and there a man lay dying,
Stricken by a shell or bomb.

Men of every trade and calling,
Of each company formed a part,
Downy youth and bearded manhood,
From the farm and from the mart,
Miners, sailors, farmers, tradesmen,
From each hamlet, town or glen,
Born of Nova Scotian mothers
From the breed of manly men.

All alert and ever watching,
On the guard, both day and night,
Each one ever, his part doing,
In the struggle for the right,
Thinking always of the homeland,
Far away in Acadie,
Of a mother, wife or sister,
Whom they never more might see.

On the high hills overlooking,
All the country down below,

In their deep concreted dugouts
Lay the ever watchful foe;
With artillery commanding
All the plain for miles around
Through which like a thread of silver
River Somme its free way wound.

There were Saxons and Bavarians
In the Huns embattled host,
And the fierce and bloody Uhlans
Whom the Kaizer loves to toast;
There they stood in close formation,
Like a solid human block,
Fronted by the famous fighters
Called the troops of battle shock.

When upon the morn in question
Just about the break of day,
Word, the Twenty-fifty was given,
To make ready for the fray;
Then they sprang up from the trenches,
Like the wild Lynx with a bound,
And they rushed without a falter,
Right across the barrage ground,

And they fell upon the Germans,
Like an avalanche of hail,
And the Prussians bent before them,
Like the grain before the gale;
And with irresisting fury,
They assailed the faltering Hun,
And before the day was over
Famous Courcelette was won.

Then let mothers tell their babies,
Whom they nurse upon their breast,
And the teachers tell the children
In our schools from east and west,
How at Courcelette's fierce battle
An undying name was made
By the Twenty-fifth Battalion
Of the fighting Fifth Brigade.

VIMY RIDGE.
(To the 85th.)
(1917)

For days, the cannon roaring
With loud, incessant peal
The terrane and trenches
Had torn with lead and steel,
Which told the boys in khaki,
Of fighting near at hand,
And eagerly all waited
The long wished for command.

Within the first line trenches
The highland laddies lay,
Their thoughts were of their mothers
Or sweethearts far away,
Each one of them was thinking
Of home and native sod,
And like a Christian soldier,
Had made his peace with God.

The morn broke dark and stormy
With hail and snow and sleet,
Which made for many soldiers
Ere night, their winding sheet;
The shrapnel bits were flying,
Like swarms of summer midge,
When Borden's highland laddies
Charged up the Vimy Ridge.

On top of this famed mountain,
Nearby the city Lens
The enemy in dugouts,
Lay like lions in their den,
The mountain strong by nature,
The Germans stronger made
With cannon and with mortars,
On concrete bases laid,

And thousands of machine guns,
In their alotted place,
And thousands of their snipers,
With rifle and with brace,
And lines of barbed wire fencing
Of every strength and size,
And aught else which their cunning,
Or science could devise.

Their seeming sense of safety
The Teutons did elate
And all were glibly chanting
The Kaizer's hymn of hate,

When lo! the pibroch's skirling
Their first line did astound
And Donald, Rod and Angus,
Came on them with a bound.

And ere they had recovered
From their astonishment
The foremost of their gleemen
To sing elsewhere were sent,
And midst the cries of Kam'rade
In broken English spoke
Both Prussian and Bavarian
Went down from bayonet stroke.

And furious was the struggle
'Twixt Highlander and Hun,
For hand to hand the fighting,
On Vimy Ridge was done;
The shock troops of the Kaizer
And all his proud array
Fled fast before the Bluenose,
On that eventful day.

And when the war is over
And peace again is come,
We'll give our gallant laddies
A highland welcome home;
With flags and banners waving,
With singing and with cheer,
We'll celebrate the glory,
Of Vimy day each year.

THE KAIZER'S DREAM.

(Aug. 1914)

In his palace at Sans Souci
At the close of summer day,
On a rich and downy pallet
Kaizer William dreaming lay.
Lord was he of mitel Europe,
Ocean ruled he by his fleet;
Vassal kings paid him their homage,
For the world lay at his feet.
Down the lovely Unter Linden,
Kings, and princes by his side,
Midst the shouts of many millions
Rode he forth in all his pride;
Followed by his mighty Uhlans
And the conquerors of the seas,
O'er whose heads imperial eagles
Glittered in the morning breeze.
Far away as eye could measure
Fleets of air-planes flew on high,
In his dream he thought he must be
Ruler of the earth and sky.
All the wealth of other nations
Lay within the Teuton claw;
O'er his own and other people
Nothing but his word was law;
Nothing could be done without him,
No law made but by his word,
And a servile clergy styled him
"The annointed of the Lord."
All this vision passed before him
Like the rippling of a stream;
When the boom of Allied cannon
Woke the Kaizer from his dream.

ENGLISH, SPOKEN AND WRITTEN.
(August 1916)

My parents made me go to school
When I was very young,
That 'neath the teacher's golden rule,
I'd learn to write my tongue.

The Alphabet I quickly learned,
And all the "hooks and cranes,"
Such eagerness within me burned,
I felt it in my veins.

For sometime I sailed smoothly down
Young student's rippling sea,
With eager heart and face tanned brown,
And, as the busy bee

Culls honey from the wilding flowers
To lay up winter's store,
So wrought I during school day hours
To add to boyhood's lore.

So spelling's sea continued calm
Through all these early days;
But when I met such words as "psalm,"
My thoughts were not of praise.

And when I viewed such sounds as "gnu"
My head began to ache;
And when my eyes met "Master Hugh"
My light became opaque.

Howe'er I asked Miss Pedagogue,
In tones of simple brogue,
Why this man was a "demagogue,"
While that one was a "rogue."

She looked at me so stern and strict,
My heart was filled with fright;
I felt like one by Justice picked
For Jury to indict.

Said she, "I tried to lift the veil
Which hides the golden key,
So at an Auctioneering Sale
Bought a Philology.

"And plied myself in this behalf
In school and at the hearth;
I doubt if ever I did laugh,
I felt so little mirth.

"Thus, having tried to find out once
Why it was so: she said
"Don't put that "o" for "u" in dunce
And banged me on the head.

And passing down Life's changing route
Since when I said adieu,
To early school days, in pursuit
Of knowledge sound and true,

I've sought this treasured hyacinth
Of literary gold,
Within its hidden labyrinth,
Like Theseus of old;

And spent most all my leisure time
To find the wondrous gem,
And read all standard Prose and Rhyme;
Scanned every Apothegem;

I've read old Chaucer thorugh and through,
And Shakespeare's "wood notes wild,"
I've studied Lady Milton, too,
And Wordsworth, nature's child.

I know that in the Fairie Queen
That Spencer uses "what";
I've read some of Ben Johnson e'en,
Both verse and prose of Scott.

Then operate on "separate,"
And cut the "g" from "reign,"
I feel we all could tolerate
The seeming sense of pain.

And should I feel in my mind's eye
To write "filosophy"
Philologists at once would cry—
"Fantastical is he."

So, though I've labored, night and day,
To work this puzzle out
And now am getting old and gray,
I still am oft in doubt.

And thus I have made up my mind
That "miss" was nearly right,
And trust I have not her maligned
By aught I did indite.

EMPIRE STANZAS
(1919)

God save our empire great
And to her Board of State
  Wise counsel bring;
May we in union free,
Mother and daughters be
Ever one family—
  God save the King.

Pray that there will arise
Beneath Canadian skies
  Freedom's offspring:
Under the crosses three,
May our daughters be
Co-heirs of liberty—
  God save the king.

Inspired by the word
Of God our only Lord
  His praises sing:
And on the land and sea,
May we e'er be free
From hate and bigotry—
  God save the king.

KEEP THE GARDENS GROWING
(1918)

We were summoned from the play-ground,
We were called in from the wood,
And our country found us ready
At the stirring call for food.
Do not add unto our burden
If you hap to pass along,
For, although our hearts are breaking,
You can hear us sing this song:—

CHORUS:

Keep the gardens growing,
Digging, planting, hoeing;
If you plant and weed aright
The crops will grow.
Do not stand repining
While the sun is shining
Turn the good soil inside out,
And fertilize and sow.

Mother Britain sent a message,
To her Daughter in the west,
"We need every kind of food-stuffs,"
So we're bound to do our best;
For the soldiers in the trenches
And the homeland we must feed,
And no worthy son will fail her,
When his mother is in need.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN RICHMOND.

I

Low in the eastern sky the breaking light
Pales in the vault of heaven the morning star,
Presaging me the dying hour of night,
And that the twilight gray is not afar;

II

For night is slowly changing into morn,
And through the gloom the forms of ships appear.
Across the Arm below, the bugle horn
Reveille's call brings to my listening ear.

III

No other sound is on the morning air
To echo back from hills and dales around;
No home has man; no beast has here his lair,
And desolation seems to own the ground;

IV

Save me who sit beneath an aged elm
Which some one's home at Richmond once did grace,
Ere fell misfortune did it overwhelm
And left this tree alone to mark the place.

V

Yet here I am beneath this hoary tree
And ruminate upon the recent past—
If such events again should hap to be—
The ruins round their gloomy bodings cast.

VI

But still I sit amidst these scenes of death
Which call to mind that dire December day,
When Fate unkindly blew his blighting breath,
Reducing homes to dust, and men, to clay.

VII

And question thus: "Was there no law amiss?
Had no officials power to prevent
A devastation, dark and drear, as this?
Was Richmond's loss naught but an accident?"

VIII

And in my breast a rising hate I feel
For man-made Laws which all protect the High
And leave the Low their grievous wounds to heal
And bear their load of sorrow till they die.

IX

A sense of sadness passes through my soul,
An earthly grief akin to human-kind,
But ere this sorrow sad doth reach its goal
Celestial musings fill my troubled mind.

X

The hatred lately felt within my breast
And which I vainly thought naught could allay
Until my spirit passed to its last rest;
I surely find is speeding fast away.

XI

Some Spirit sweet seems near me to abide
Who doth from me remove all earthly dread,
And in most soothing ways my senses chide
That I hold counsel with the living dead

XII

I look around to see whose is the voice
Whose cadence falls so sweetly on my ear
As thus to make my hating heart rejoice,
But vain my quest, no living soul is near.

XIII

A spirit voice, I know, it needs must be
That sounds upon the air with silvr'y tone,
And yet, withal, no fears arise in me,
Though midst the ruins here I am alone.

XIV

The voice now cautions me to listen well,
And in harmonious tones with lightning speed
This story he narrates for me to tell,
And thus I write it down that all may read.

XV

That fatal morn, when Richmond felt secure,
With many more I ran to yonder hill
To watch the burning ship, all feeling sure
That nothing round could do us harm or ill.

XVI

"And why should aught around fill us with fears?
Did we not know: 'The flag that braved the
breeze
On land and sea' for full one thousand years,
Flew o'er our city still and o'er our seas?

XVII

"The scene was bright and beautiful and grand,
With florid streamers shooting far on high,
And none who viewed the scene from sea or land
Were cognizant they were so soon to die.

XVIII

"Whose was the fault is not for me to tell.—
The Judge of All shall surely justice mete
To those who prematurely rang our knell
When they are come to His just judgment seat

XIX

"You wonder why I wander 'neath the vault
Of heaven here and fain would ask—
'Tis but to beg forgiveness of a fault
And do again another ill-done task.

XX

"Though young in life, in wisdom now I'm old,
For I've passed through the chast'ning purge of
fire;
My harp, though silver now, will soon be gold,
When time has passed and I have mounted higher

XXI

"Along the path with slow increasing pace
Into the realms of peace where all is light;
'Till I have reached my time alotted seat,
There to enjoy the beatific sight

XXII

"Of God for aye and His hosannas sing,
Amidst the saints of His twice chosen few,
Before the treble throne of God, our King,
The vision of Whose glory's ever new.

XXIII

'The path is long, yet shorter may be made
By alms and prayers and other deeds of worth;
The happy day may too long be delayed
By thoughtless unforgiving hearts on earth.

XXIV

"Then do good deeds while in the flesh, my friend
And trespassers forgive, lest you forget
Such charity, till you have reached the end
Of life with some one unforgiven yet.

XXV

"Take heed that you will e'er remember this,
Lest you, as others did so oft before,
May cross that cold and ever dark abyss
Which separates earth from the spirit shore

XXVI

"Which lieth far beyond the farthest sun,
And trembling stand before high Heaven's court
With unforgiven fault and task undone;
No camouflage to which you can resort.

XXVII

"Be ye a man of lore, unlearned or youth,
Will there, as on earth, avail you naught;
Nor will forensic speech conceal the truth
In your account of deed and word and thought.

XXVIII

"In stilly night I've often wandered here
Far from those realms beyond the starry sky,
O'er that long way, so lonely, dark and drear,
But now the hour of bliss for me draws nigh.

XXIX

'For soon the pearly gates, which now bar me
Through which the sainted souls have ever trod
Will open wide and I shall ever see
The pristine glory of the throne of God."

DECEMBER SIXTH, 1917.

I

It was a clear and cool December dawn,
And bright the Sun in all his glory rose
And shed his radiant rays in plenty on
The lovely arm which by our city flows,
And on the hills and dales and distant trees
By Nature robed in early winter mien:
All Labour was awake; the docks and quays
Were all astir and formed a busy scene;
The flag flung to the breeze o'er Citadel
Gave heart to all: last night the sentry cried,
As o'er his beat he trod, that all was well,
And old and young thought but of Christmas-
tide.
"Lord God of Hosts," what is that awful roar
Upon all ears rolls from the Richmond shore?

II

I'll ever hear that death-portending sound
And see the dead as side by side they lie,,
And see the desolation wrought around
And hear the dying's dissolution cry;
And see the houses bursting into flame
And those within consumed in tongues of fire,
And that long line of young, and old, and lame
Move slowly on when ordered to retire
From their wrecked homes to seek some safe
retreat

With falt'ring step and slow and wearied gait;
And see the motor cars whirl down the street
Full laden with their bloody, human freight:
For not, till in my breast the spirit dies
Will these sad scenes vanish from my eyes.

III

And ever see the op'ning hour of school,
And hear the bell sound on the morning air,
And see each little one with reticule
And well-trained poise and step assembling there,
And see each pale-faced teacher in her place
And all the children there on bended knees,
With innocence imprinted on each face,
And hear their prayer borne on the morning breeze,
And hear the glass and falling timbers crash,
And see the children through the windows leap
With blood fast flowing from each gaping gash
Upon their heads and faces, long and deep:
And fain am I to fall into despair
That scenes so sad should follow children's prayer.

IV

And ever see the blinded lying low
At Bellevue, Camp Hill, and College Hall;
And ever see the corpses, row on row,
Their mangled faces covered with a pall:
And curses such as tongue could never speak

Rise in my heart and flutter through my mind
Upon the man who did such ruin wreak
And leave such grief and misery behind;
But then a change comes o'er my angry thought
And I can see outlined upon the Cross
The Man of Sorrows, and, I think of what
He did that Death be not our loss;
And bowing down I cry on bended knee
My Lord, my God, I yet have faith in Thee.

THE COTTAGE SCHOOL.

I

Summer time was in the waning,
Vesper Sun was wending low,
And reminiscences brought me
Back to school days long ago;
There the school-house stood before me,
And I was on hallowed ground,
Where each old association
Inspiration breathed around.

II

Full in view the school was standing
Near the road and yet aloof,
Four square walls in ochre painted,
Topped off with a cottage roof.
In the distance old Atlantic
Glistened as in days of yore,
While upon his glimmering bosom,
White caps rolled towards the shore.

III

On the diamond boys were playing
Base-ball, with eclat and shout;
Saw the batter three times fanning,
Heard the umpire's "Batter's out."
Saw some other hit a grounder,
Speed away like winged bird;
Heard the rooters merry shouting,
As he landed safe on third.

IV

Heard the maidens' merry laughter,
As the played upon the green,
And the rhythm of their footfalls,
Skipping o'er the hard terrene,
Saw the little boys and maidens
Drinking at the nearby well;
And upon the air vibrating
Heard again the master's bell.

V

Plainly heard the foot-steps sounding
On the floor with measured beats,
While the boys and girls were filing
Through the aisles towards their seats.
Saw the whole class sitting upright,
In position, one and all;
Heard distinctly "Here" and "Absent,"
Answered to the master's call.

VI

I could see the master's visage,
With its look of learned lore,
While Sol's summer shadows lengthened
Slowly o'er the school house floor;
O'er his head there hung a motto
With the words, "God Bless Our School;"
Standing in the left-hand corner
Was the oft-used Dunces' Stool.

VII

Heard him from the Holy Bible
Read from some New Testament,
And to each and every passage,
Young and old, attention lent.
Heard once more the school repeating
Earnestly the Saviour's prayer,
While around a holy stillness
Floated on the ev'ning air.

VIII

Saw the school take first position
At the sound of warning gong,
Heard the master's voice intoning
Some old school or college song;
Saw all in position standing
With demeanour calm and still;
Saw them going through the movements
Of the military drill.

IX.

On the walls the maps were hanging,
Colored in blue, red and gold,
Ornamented with the pictures
Of the noted men of old.
Moral maxims, plainly written
On the board in bold relief,
"Order Is First Law of Heaven,"
With some others, terse and brief.

X

Summaries of all the home-work
By to-morrow to be learned;
Saw, too, some make interchanges
When the master's back was turned.
On their slates the younger pupils
Strove to make their cranes and hooks,
While the older ones were busy
Writing in their copy books.

XI

Heard them spell and give the meaning,
And pronounce in unison;
Heard them too, in concert reading,
Reading also, one by one.
Saw them, on the black-board, parsing
With and without formal line;
Use of, "a" and "an" explaining
"These" and "those" and "thy" and "thine"

XII

Heard them drill at combinations,
Learn to multiply and add,
Now subtracting, now dividing,—
Doing as the master bade;
Saw them on the map locating
Chiefest places of the earth;
Heard them give events in History,
Fore and since our Saviour's birth.

XIII

Heard them, too, at Nature lessons,
  Saw the cards within their hands,
With the Flora and the Fauna
  Of our own and other lands;
Heard the master talk on Civics,
  And our duties to the State,
And on Etiquette and Hygiene,
  Heard him, too, at length dilate.

XIV

Not an incident was missing
  Of those school days long since fled,
Though so many of its members
  Now, were numbered with the dead.
And, too swiftly passed the vision
  Retrospective of the past,
And upon my soul its setting
  Fleeting specks of sadness cast.

PEACE.
November 11, 1918.

I

Christ has sent His Dove of Peace,
To old earth on airy wing,
Bidding War his horrors cease:
Let us all hosannas sing.

II

Come, all nations of the earth,
Victors in the cause of Right,
Sing Democracy's new birth:
Light has triumphed over Night.

III

Ne'er again will Tyranny
Over men and nations reign;
It and fell Autocracy
Henceforth are forever slain.

IV

Never more will Power's dread
Terrify the hearts of men;
Kaizerism now has fled:
Freedom is reborn again.

V

Hence the nations, small and great,
Will forever sheathe the sword,
Guiding each her Ship of State,
By the wisdom of the Word.

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